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GENERAL WAUCHOPE

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BY

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AUTHOR OF

'JOHN THOMSON OF DUDDINGSTON, PASTOR AND PAINTER'

'ANNALS OF DUDDINGSTON AND PORTOBELLO'

'SIXTY YEARS OF CHURCH LIFE IN AYR'

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MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D.

From a Photograph by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

TO THE

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE

WHO BRAVELY FOUGHT AT MAGERSFONTEIN

THIS MEMOIR OF THEIR LEADER

IS INSCRIBED

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INTRODUCTION

On the 11th day of December 1899, amid the rattle of rifles, the fierce booming of cannon, and the sharp bang of exploding shells, a British force of Scottish Highlanders found themselves suddenly confronted in the darkness of an early African morning by an unseen enemy. All night they had been on the march, tramping the bare rocky veldt north of the Modder river, to attack, and if possible capture, the fortified and strongly entrenched position held by the Boer army of General Cronje among the rocks and cliffs of Magersfontein. This was full of difficulty and danger. But the relief of the beleaguered garrison of Kimberley was urgent, and if the work were to be done, it demanded the best the British army could achieve. Steadily and determinedly stepped out the men of the Highland Brigade, commanded by him they had long had reason to trust. As lieutenant, as captain, as colonel, they had followed him in many a well-fought battle, and now with Major-General Wauchope leading them in the darkness, no doubt or fear entered their breast.

But suddenly there was a flash of light from the rocks above, followed immediately by a long belching flame of fire from a thousand rifles in front. They had unexpectedly

stumbled on the enemy. There was no time for reorganisation, and in the midst of an entanglement of trenches and barbed wire fencing, and exposed the while to a withering fire against which nothing human could stand, the Highland Brigade was mown down. Here it was, but well in front of his men, endeavouring to the last to cheer on his followers, one of the most gallant and daring of modern British generals fought and fell, a martyr for his Queen and country.

General Wauchope's tragic end was no unfitting conclusion to a life of devoted, arduous service. He died as he had lived, ever in the midst of strife, an earnest, brave, and self-denying man, thinking more of others than himself; graced with the dignity that comes from inborn gentleness of spirit, and ever in his conduct exemplifying the faith he professed. No wonder that when such a man fell, there was a wail of lamentation, not merely around his own home in Edinburgh where he was best known and loved, but throughout the whole British Empire.

The story of his life is one of incident and hairbreadth escapes, and it deserves to rank high in the military annals of our country; for among those who have helped to raise Great Britain to the honourable position she holds among the nations of the world, as the vindicator of freedom, as the protector of the weak against the strong, as the pioneer of commerce, and the disseminator of Christianity, there are few who have laboured more zealously or fought more bravely than he whose career we shall in the following pages attempt to sketch.

In biography there is perhaps nothing more alluring than to trace out traits in remote kindred, and to watch them coming forth with new accompaniments in later generations, to work out, as it were, the full story of the race, and probably to mark a climax in some chosen individual. Though we have not space to follow this out in the present case, the distinguishing characteristics of General Wauchope's ancestors may easily be discerned throughout his career; to them he doubtless owed that simple manliness which looked upon every man—whatever his station—as a brother; that unswerving courage in time of danger, that unflinching devotion to duty, that cheerfulness of disposition, which made him a general favourite; all sobered by a sense of the unseen and eternal which entered into the very heart of his life.

The author's efforts to gather the scattered material of so chequered a career have been met on all hands by so willing a response from those who could in any way claim the General's acquaintance, that his task has been a pleasant and a comparatively easy one. For interesting details and incidents coming under their personal observation, his best thanks are due to Admiral Lord Charles W. D. Beresford, C.B.; General Sir Robert Biddulph, G.C.M.G., G.C.B., lately Governor of Gibraltar; Sir John C. M'Leod, G.C.B.; Colonel R. K. Bayly, C.B.; Colonel Brickenden; Colonel Gordon J. C. Money; Major A. G. Duff; Captain Christie, and other of his brother officers who shared with him the dangers and toil of naval and military service, in various parts of the world.

He cannot too gratefully acknowledge the kind assistance heartily given by the Rev. George Wisely, D.D., Malta; the Rev. John Mactaggart, Edinburgh; and the Rev. Alexander Stirling, York, army chaplains. Their contributions have been invaluable.

So fully indeed has material been placed at the author's disposal, that the volume might have been easily extended beyond its present limits. But enough, it may be hoped, has been said in illustration of General Wauchope's career as a soldier, and his character as a man, to enable his fellow-countrymen to realise that in his lamented death the nation has lost one of its bravest and best.

CHAPTER I

THE WAUCHOPES OF NIDDRIE MARISCHAL

ANDREW GILBERT WAUCHOPE came of a long line of ancestry, who have distinguished themselves as soldiers, as churchmen, or in the more commonplace capacity of country gentlemen.

The family history can be traced back for several centuries at least, as occupying in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh the estate of Niddrie Marischal; and throughout the various troubles in which Scottish history has been involved, the Lairds of Niddrie had their fair share, forfeitures and restorations being an experience not uncommon in their career.

Glancing over their genealogy, one might almost say with truth that the Wauchopes have ever been a fighting race, holding opinions strongly, and as strongly asserting them by word or deed when occasion arose.

The very name of their estate has a smack of the military in it, if it is true, as Celtic scholars say, that 'Niddrie' is derived from the Gaelic *Niadh* and *Ri*—signifying, in the British form of Celtic, the king's champion. Then the addition to the word, as distinguishing it from several other Niddries in Scotland, of Marischal, Marishal, or Merschell appears to have been given to the

estate from the fact that the Wauchopes of Niddrie were in early times hereditary bailies to Keith Lords Marischal, and later, Marischal-Deputies in Midlothian, in the reign of James v.

Whether it be true, as stated by Mackenzie in his *Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*, that the Wauchopes had their first rise in the reign of Malcolm Caenmore, and that they came from France, we shall not stay to discuss; but it is generally allowed that the name is a local patronymic, common in the south of Scotland, and that the Wauchopes of Niddrie Marischal belonged originally to Wauchopedale in Roxburghshire, where they were for long vassals of the Earls of Douglas.

The records of the earlier generations of the family having been lost, one cannot with accuracy say who was its founder, or when he lived. In James the Second's reign, for making an inroad into England, and again in Queen Mary's time, for espousing the cause of that unfortunate sovereign, the estate of Niddrie was confiscated and passed for a time into the hands of others, while the feu-charters that remained were afterwards destroyed when the English under Oliver Cromwell came to Scotland. But notwithstanding these misfortunes, there are documents extant which go to show that as far back as the time of Robert III., who began to reign in 1390, there was one Gilbert Wauchope holding the lands of Niddrie from that king, who is supposed to be the grandson of *Thomas Wauchope in the county of Edinburgh*, mentioned in the Ragman Rolls of 1296.

One scion of the family, born about the year 1500, in the reign of James IV. attained to considerable distinction as an ecclesiastic. This was Robert, the famous Archbishop of Armagh, a younger son of Archibald, the Laird of Niddrie. Defective in his vision almost to blindness, he was,

notwithstanding this misfortune, possessed of great natural abilities, and by diligent study attained to high and varied accomplishments. So proficient did he become in the study of the Scriptures, the Fathers, and the Councils, that he was appointed Doctor of Divinity in the University of Paris; and in 1535, having attracted the notice of Pope Paul III., he was called to Rome, and employed by him as legate to the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, in both of which commissions he is said to have exhibited the highest qualifications as an ambassador. Some time after he was promoted to be Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland. There he laboured with incredible pains to enlighten the ignorant natives, travelling about his diocese, and often preaching to them four or five times a week. Archbishop Wauchope found scope for his great talents at the Council of Trent. This famous council, called together by the Pope to counteract the influence of the Reformation initiated by Luther in Germany, met in March 1544, and continued its sittings till 1551. The archbishop not only took a part in its proceedings, but wrote a full account of them, a labour which, however, proved too much for his strength, for he died at Paris on his way home on 9th November 1551. He appears to have been held by his contemporaries in high admiration. Lesley says: 'Such was his judgment in secular affairs, that few of his age came near him,' and in his capacity as legate 'he acquitted himself so well that every one admired his wit, judgment, and experience.'

Sir James Ware, speaking of him in a similar strain, and alluding, like Lesley, to his having been born blind, says: 'He was sent legate *a latere* from the Pope to Germany, from whence came the German proverb, "a blind legate to the sharp-sighted Germans."'

Robert's elder brother, Gilbert Wauchope, was meanwhile Laird of Niddrie, acquiring more property, extending his borders, and getting himself involved in the local feuds peculiar to the time of James v.; that king on one occasion, April 1535, having to grant a letter of protection in favour of him 'and his wife and bairns' against Sir Patrick Hepburn of Wauchtonne and thirty-four others for 'umbesetting the highway for his slaughter.' In this quarrel, even the Pope was called upon to interfere in the interest of peace and safety. In 1539 Paul III. put forth a mandate to the Dean of the Church of Restalrig, stating that a beloved son, a noble man, Gilbert Wauchope, lord in temporals of the place of Niddriffmarschall, within the diocese of St. Andrews, had represented to the Pope that some sons of iniquity, whom he was altogether ignorant of, had wickedly brought many and heavy losses upon the said Gilbert Wauchope by concealing the boundaries and limits or marches of the piece of land or place called Quhitinche, feued to him by the Abbot and Convent of the Monastery of the Holy Cross (Holyrood). . . . Therefore the Pope intrusted to the discretion of the said Venerable Dean and Commissary to admonish publicly in churches, before the people, . . . all holders, etc., and to discover and restore these to the said Gilbert Wauchope or to the Abbot of the Monastery, under a general sentence of excommunication against these persons, till suitable satisfaction was made.

But the Reformation brought many changes, upsetting the laws, customs, and opinions held sacred for centuries. The sons no longer walked in the ways of their fathers, but began to think for themselves. And so we find that Gilbert, the son of the laird who had sought and obtained protection from the Pope, renounced the Pope and took

an active part in promoting the Reformation. He was present at Knox's first sermon at St. Andrews in 1547. And at the conference of notables that afterwards was held, where Knox and his preaching were fully discussed, and Wauchope was asked what he thought of the Reformer, 'this answer gave the Laird of Nydre—"a man fervent and uprycht in religioun."' This Gilbert Wauchope of Niddrie was a member of the famous Parliament, held at Edinburgh in August 1560, by which the Reformation was established.

Later on we have a George Wauchope, a celebrated Professor of Civil Law at Caen, in Normandy, who was a grandson of Gilbert, and who in 1595, when he was about twenty-five years of age, wrote *A Treatise concerning the Ancient People of Rome.*

But the early Wauchopes were a wonderfully varied class of men, who could take their share of fighting when necessary; and towards the close of the sixteenth century their feuds, their 'slauchters,' and political partisanship well-nigh led to their extinction. The feuds with the neighbouring Hepburns and Edmonstons were the occasion of many unhappy conflicts, while their adhesion to the cause of Queen Mary for a time brought ruin on the family. Professor Aytoun, in his poem of 'Bothwell,' referring to Bothwell's attempt to intercept the Queen on her way from Stirling and carry her to Dunbar Castle, says:—

> 'Hay, bid the trumpets sound the march,
> Go, Bolton, to the van;
> Young Niddrie follows with the rear;
> Set forward every man.'

The estate of Niddrie is quite close to Craigmillar Castle, where Mary frequently resided, and in all proba-

bility the fascination of her character brought the Wauchopes into frequent contact with her, and led them to espouse her cause when many of the leaders of the Scottish nobility had declared against her. We find, therefore, that Robert Wauchope and his son Archibald are mentioned in the 'charge agains personis denuncit rebellis' in June 1587. This Archibald appears to have been a youth of wonderful pugnacity, and to have got himself continually involved in trouble with the authorities for breaches of the peace, out of which he as often extricated himself, with no little cleverness. Once, in 1588, for an attempted 'slauchter' of 'umquhile James Giffert, and Johne Edmonston,' the adjoining laird, he was arrested, tried, and warded in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; but 'no pardoun being granted' by the king, 'and about a thousand persouns in the Tolbuith waiting upon the event, the candles were put furth about ellevin houres at night, and Nidrie and his complices escaped out at the windowes.' It is a curious reflection upon the Wauchopes of this time that their name should be associated with the wild Clan Gregor of Perthshire as disturbers of the peace. King James VI. was married in 1590 to the Princess Anne of Denmark. On the 1st May the king and queen landed at Leith, amid a great concourse of loyal subjects, 'and with volleys of cannon, and orations in their welcome.' James had been absent from Scotland more than six months, and it was remarked at the time, and came to be memorable afterwards, that these months were a time of universal peace and good order in Scotland. 'The only notable exceptions,' according to Spottiswood, 'had been a riot in Edinburgh by Wauchope of Niddry, and an outbreak of the Clan Gregor in Balquhidder.'

In connection with this, we find Wauchope charged

by the Privy Council (7th January 1590), 'along with all other keepers of the places and fortalices of Rossyth and Nudry,' to deliver the same to the officer executing these letters, within six hours after charge, under penalty of treason; the said officer to fence the goods and rents belonging to Wauchope, which are ordered to remain under arrest at the instance of the King's Treasurer, 'aye and quhill he be tryit foule or clene of sic crymes quharof he is dilaitet.'

Not to mention other scrapes of a similar kind, Archibald Wauchope was implicated in the attack on the palace of Holyroodhouse, 27th December 1591, and for this and other misdemeanours he was forfeited, along with the Earl of Bothwell and others, and had to leave the country for a time. He afterwards came to an untimely end by falling from a window in Skinner's Close in Edinburgh, about the year 1596.

It was apparently about this period that the old house or tower of Niddrie Marischal—'so commodious that it could garrison a hundred men'—was destroyed by the enemies of the family.

For some years the estate was in the hands of Sir James Sandilands of Slamannan, until 1608, when, through the good graces of James VI., it was restored to Francis, son of Archibald Wauchope, a restitution which was confirmed by Act of Parliament in 1609. Francis (usually styled Sir Francis Wauchope) appears to have done a good deal for the estate, but his son, Sir John Wauchope, may be regarded as the chief restorer of the house of Niddrie. He was frugal in his living, and he added several adjoining properties to the estate by purchase, and received the honour of knighthood from Charles I. on his visit to Scotland in 1633. He was an intimate friend of the

notorious Duke of Lauderdale in their younger days, living with him, and spoken of as 'his bed-fellow.'

Sir John exercised great judgment in the management of his affairs; so much so, that in 1661 he acquired by purchase the border estate of Yetholm or Lochtour, in Roxburghshire, which has remained in the family ever since. He was present in London at the coronation of Charles II.; in 1663 he was elected a member of the Scottish Parliament, and one of the Committee for the Plantation of Kirks; and in 1678 was a member of the Convention of Estates.

Other lairds appear in succession as the years rolled on. There are Williams, Andrews, Gilberts, Roberts, following one another as the leaves succeed in the spring to those that have fallen in the autumn, but it is not our purpose to follow their story. One fought and fell at Killiecrankie with Viscount Dundee in 1689; another fought for the Stuarts at the Revolution, and afterwards rose to high command in the French and Spanish services; and though the Wauchopes took no active part in the Stuart risings of 1715 and 1745, their sympathies were all for the exiled race.

In Niddrie House there are to be seen full-length portraits of Charles I. and his queen; four small half-lengths of the Chevalier and his consort, and their two sons, Prince Charles Edward and the Cardinal York, as boys. These are understood to have been forwarded direct from the Chevalier himself to the Niddrie family as an acknowledgment of their loyalty, and the assistance—pecuniary and otherwise—which the royal line of Stuart had received at their hands.

To come to more recent times, we find that Andrew Wauchope of Niddrie—the great-grandfather of the subject

of our sketch, born about the year 1736—was a captain in the First Regiment of Dragoon Guards, and fought at the battle of Minden in Westphalia, where in 1759 the French were defeated by an army of Anglo-Hanoverian troops. He lived to a good old age, for it was he who was alluded to by Sir Walter Scott in the ballad written on the occasion of the visit of George IV. to Scotland in 1822:—

> Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
> Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
> We have owre few sic lairds as you,
> Carle, now the King's come.

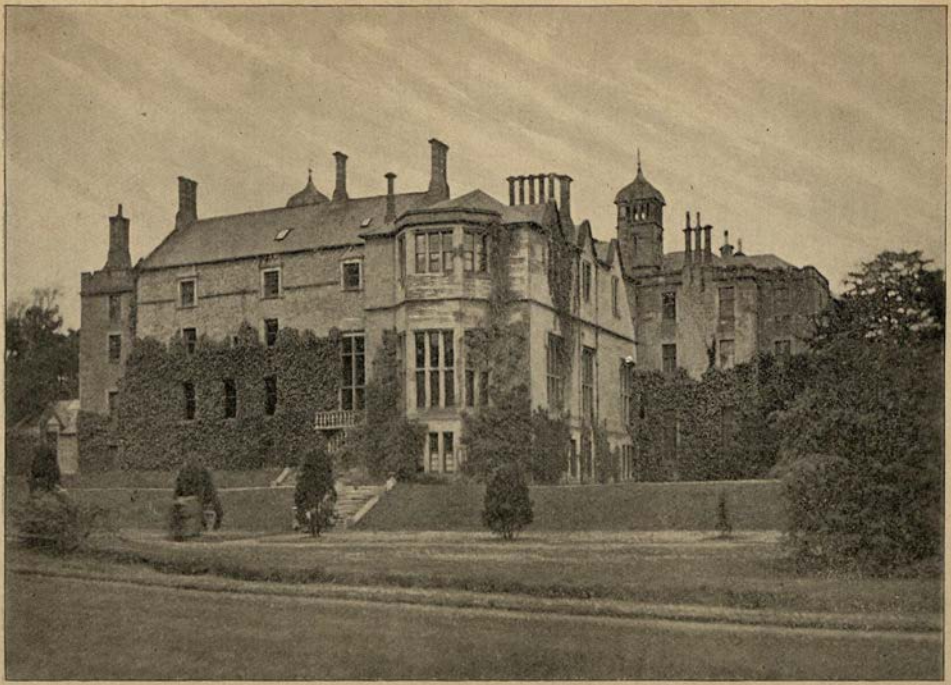
This Andrew Wauchope married, in 1786, Alicia, daughter of William Baird, Newbyth, and sister of the celebrated Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam, who a few years afterwards—in 1805—commanded the expedition to the Cape of Good Hope which, after a decisive victory over the Dutch, received, on 6th January 1806, the surrender of the colony to Great Britain. There were nine children of this marriage, five boys and four girls. The eldest, Andrew, was killed in 1813 at the battle of the Pyrenees while in command of the 20th Regiment of Foot, and so the second son, William, succeeded to the property, old Andrew Wauchope having resigned it in his favour in 1817, retaining for himself the liferent.

William Wauchope, who had the year before married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Baird of Newbyth, and niece of the then Marchioness of Breadalbane, was a lieutenant-colonel in the army. Curiously enough, William's younger brother, Admiral Robert Wauchope, was stationed at Cape Town at the beginning of the century, where he resided for many years with his wife. They knew the Dutch well, and were on the most friendly terms with both Dutch and English settlers in the colony.

William Wauchope died in 1826, leaving a family of two, the eldest of whom, Andrew Wauchope, born in 1818, being then a minor, succeeded to the property. His sister, Hersey Susan Sydney, was married in 1842 to George Elliot, captain, Royal Navy, eldest son of the Hon. Admiral Elliot. Andrew Wauchope, the father of the subject of our memoir, was for a time in the army—an officer in the dragoons; but, being of a delicate constitution, he retired after his marriage to reside at Niddrie, where he was long known and respected as a kind and indulgent landlord, ever ready to give a helping hand to his tenants or to religious and philanthropic objects. He did a great deal towards completing the extensive improvements begun by his father on the house and grounds of Niddrie.

The newer part of the house, forming the north-east wing, was erected by William Wauchope about seventy-five years ago. It contains some handsome apartments, and it is interesting to note that the celebrated Hugh Miller, when a lad, was employed (in 1823) as a mason at the work, and is said to have carved a number of the ornamental chimneys which form a distinctive feature of a most picturesque edifice. What the father began, the son ultimately completed. The park was extended, new approaches and avenues were formed, lodges erected, and gardens and vineries laid out—the whole place being transformed into one of the most beautiful country seats to be found in the county of Midlothian. These somewhat extensive works, resumed by the father of the General about the year 1850, were steadily carried on year by year until his death, 22nd November 1874, for he took much pride in the work, and made it his life hobby.

So far this brief genealogy of General Wauchope's family has been traced through the male line, but it would be



NIDDRIE MARISCHAL.

incomplete and lacking in public interest, did we not also refer to his descent on the female side from the family of Sir William Wallace, the champion of Scottish freedom. This interesting connection is traced to James Wauchope, the grandfather of the 'Minden' hero. In 1710 he married Jane, daughter of Sir William Wallace, Bart. of Craigie, near Ayr, whose eldest son, Andrew, succeeded his cousin in 1726, and in his line the property has remained to the present time.

Over the fireplace of the dining-room of Niddrie House there is a painting on canvas inserted in panelling said to be a portrait of 'Wallace Wight.' It has been in possession of the family for nearly two hundred years, being mentioned in various inventories of the property from the year 1707. An interesting notice of it appeared in James Paterson's *Wallace and his Times*, and the family tradition is that it is a genuine portrait of the hero, the words inscribed above the likeness, 'Gvl : Wallas : Scotvs : Host : ivm : Terror,' certainly giving colour to the supposition. We are more inclined to think, however, that the portrait represents one of the more immediate ancestors of the Jane Wallace who brought the connection into the family—probably Sir William Wallace of Craigie, who distinguished himself as a loyalist in the civil wars. It certainly came into the family through the marriage of James Wauchope in 1710 with Jane, daughter of Sir William Wallace of Craigie, and if it does not represent the champion of Scottish independence, it is from the same source as a similar portrait preserved at Priory Lodge, Cheltenham, in the hands of a descendant of the Craigie-Wallace family.

It was when he was serving with his regiment at Monaghan, in Ireland, that the father of General Wauchope first met his future wife, Frances Maria, daughter of Henry Lloyd of

Lloydsburgh, County Tipperary. They were married on 26th March 1840, and two sons and two daughters were the issue of the marriage. These were—

1. William John Wauchope, born in September 1841.
2. Harriet Elizabeth Frances, afterwards married to Lord Ventry of County Kerry, Ireland, by whom she has issue, six sons and four daughters, of whom her daughter, the Hon. Hersey Alice Eveleigh-De-Moleyne, is the present Countess of Hopetoun.
3. Andrew Gilbert, the subject of our story, born at Niddrie on 5th July 1846.
4. Hersey Mary Josephine, now residing in London.

A typical Scotsman, loyal to the backbone to the land of his birth, Andrew Gilbert Wauchope had always a warm corner in his heart for Ireland, and was ever ready to acknowledge, and indeed to boast of, his Irish extraction. Combining as he did much of the canniness of the Scot with that steady-going determination of purpose and fearlessness in danger peculiar to his countrymen, he displayed the Irish side of his character in that generous light-heartedness and impulsive good nature which often led him into self-denying deeds of kindness, and now and again into trouble. General Wauchope was, as we have seen, the heir to no mean family traditions. The record of the Wauchopes is one of patriotic energy through five or six hundred years of stirring Scottish history, many of them years of turmoil and strife; and the warlike spirit of the fathers, as well as their more peaceful characteristics, may be found not infrequently imaged in this last scion of the race.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD—EARLY TENDENCIES—THE 'HOUSEHOLD TROOP'—EDUCATION—NAVAL TRAINING—THE 'BRITANNIA'—THE 'ST. GEORGE'—PRINCE ALFRED.

GENERAL WAUCHOPE'S boyhood was spent mostly at Niddrie, with occasional short visits in summer to the other property of the family at Yetholm, among the pastoral Cheviot hills.

A high-spirited, frolicsome boy, delighting in the open air and every kind of outdoor sport, 'Andy,' as he was familiarly called, found scope for his energies in the beautifully wooded park surrounding the house. Bird-nesting, rabbit-catching, and fishing in the burn which meanders through the estate, found him an ardent enthusiast, but often brought him into trouble with his father and mother. His bird-nesting feats, prosecuted with all the zest of a professional poacher, often resulted in the dislocation of his clothes, and shoes and stockings too often betrayed the fact that friendly visits to the burn were more frequent and prolonged than ought to be. Many a time Andy was thus in a sore plight. Drenched and torn, he would go to the kindly gardener's wife, to get the rents in his jacket sewed, his stockings changed, and his shoes dried, before venturing into the family presence. In his adventures over the property, the burn was never a barrier to his

progress. It was the same with hedges, ditches, or stone walls. If he wanted to reach a certain point, he made a straight road to it over every obstacle.

But the limits of the park did not always satisfy his roving desires. He soon made himself acquainted with the surroundings of his home. Craigmillar Castle was a favourite resort on the one side; the beach at Portobello gave him a taste for the sea and aquatic exercise; while the neighbouring little village of Niddrie was not long in making his acquaintance. Here he was known to every one, for Andy made himself at home in every cottage; and if the boys stood in some awe of him, and mothers blamed him for sending their sons home with their clothes torn, or their noses bleeding, still, for all that, he was always welcomed among them, sometimes with a 'jeelie' (jelly) piece or a new-baked scone!

Many a frolic he and the boys of the village were engaged in, if all tales were told, and sometimes Andy got credit for more than he deserved. Boys will be boys, but his boyhood early showed the spirit of the man, for to have a number of country boys together, and put them through military drill, was the height of his delight. He was a born leader, and he doubtless imbibed his love of soldiering from the frequent opportunities he had of seeing military manœuvres in the Queen's Park, or more likely on Portobello sands, where at that time there was a great deal of drilling, both of the regulars and of the yeomanry cavalry. That the military instinct revealed itself early may be gathered from the following:—One day the village dominie, worthy old Mr. Savage, looking out of the school door across the road, saw the youthful form of Andy—then about seven or eight years old—on the top of the high boundary wall of his father's park, which at that place is

nearly nine feet high. 'What are you doing up there?' shouted the dominie; 'get down at once, you young rascal, or you'll get killed!' But Andy only waved his hand as he shouted back, 'It's all right, Mr. Savage: I'm only viewing the enemy,' and off he scampered along the top of the wall!

Andy's 'household troop' was not a large one, but it sufficed. With Tom and Jim, the gardener's sons, and their sisters, Jess and Bella, assisted by a few male and female recruits from among the children of the other workers, with his sisters, Harriet and Hersey, and his cousin, Elizabeth Elliot, now Countess of Northesk—one of whom carried the banner, and another the drum—the youthful general managed to make a fair show. He drilled them well, and was naturally very proud of them. One day there happened to be company at the house. Andy, anxious to display his forces, marched them up to the front door, and there, seated on his little black pony 'Donald,' he put them through their facings, to the great entertainment of the visitors. He was not content with this, however. He must needs take the place by storm, and so, putting himself at the head of his troop, he gave the word of command, 'Forward, march!' and actually marched them into the hall, and through the dining-room to the terrace at the back of the house, bravely leading them on his pony!

The ice-house stood in the park not very far from the house. It was a vaulted chamber covered with turf, forming externally a mound which made a capital fort. Many a time was it the scene of mimic warfare, its defence or assault giving splendid scope for the youthful general's military genius,—brilliant attacks being as brilliantly defeated without any great loss of life!

Sometimes 'Andy's' attacks took a wider range, and

nocturnal escapades of a frolicking nature are said to have been not infrequent. It is told of him that having gathered a few of the village boys together, they made a raid one night upon the workshop of the village joiner, and took away a number of odd cart-wheels lying about in the yard. These they fastened to the doors of some of the cottages, where they were found next morning, much to the surprise of the inmates, who had some difficulty in getting egress from their houses! Nobody, of course, could tell who was to blame; but, as our informant remarked, 'They a' kent wha did it: it was just some o' Maister Andra's mischief.'

One old woman in the village, whose temper was not very good, and who laboured under the conviction that her hen-house was from time to time robbed of its roosters, had made herself somewhat obnoxious, and it was determined to give her a real fright. So one evening, after all decent folks were supposed to be in bed, Andy and his company slipped quietly round to the hen-house, and presently there was a great commotion and cackling among the feathered occupants. The old lady in her bed heard it all, but was too frightened to come to the rescue. She was certain, however, that some of her favourite hens had been taken, and next day she went up to the laird at the big house to complain, and to ask compensation. Andy was with his father when the old woman was laying off her story, but betrayed no signs of his complicity in the transaction, wisely preferring to keep his own counsel in the matter. Of course the boys had taken none of her property. They only wanted to play a trick upon her.

Andy was, however, not a boy who would perpetrate any wilful mischief, or do anything that would cause pain. He hated cruelty, and once when he was accused of having

killed the cat of an old servant of the family, who lived as a pensioner in the village, he heard the accusation with the greatest indignation. Going at once to Mary's house he strongly asserted his innocence, telling her with all earnestness, 'I 'd rather shoot myself, as shoot your cat, Mary.'

Very early in life he evinced a strong desire to share in the sport of the hunting-field. His father would not, however, hear of it, and refused to allow him to get a proper rig-out. But Master Andrew was not to be balked in his ambition, for one morning, getting into a pair of his father's top-boots, many sizes too large for him, and securing the biggest horse in the stables, he boldly set off for the hunt. The appearance of such a mite with boots that would scarcely keep on his feet, on the back of a big hunter, created great laughter among the county gentry at the meet.

During these early years of Wauchope's life, so free from restraint, his education was being carried on at home under a tutor. At the age of eleven he was sent to a school at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, but he did not remain there very long. He had a hankering for active life, and specially for the sea. It was accordingly resolved to prepare him for entering the navy as a midshipman, and he was sent to Foster's School, Stubbington House, Gosport. His experience here was also a short one, and was marked by an incident characteristic of his spirit of adventure and faithfulness to obligations; though in this case we must say the latter virtue was rather misapplied, and it might well be said 'his faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.' The boys at Foster's, evidently wanting to vary the monotony of school life—perhaps none of the brightest—thought it would be a good lark if one would run away from the school, and they resolved to draw lots who it

should be. The lot fell upon young Andy Wauchope, and, like the loyal lad he was, he resolutely stuck to the agreement and ran off from the school, but of course he was promptly brought back by his people, and no doubt received the just reward of his frolic!

He used to say long afterwards that he had only been at two schools when he was a boy. 'At one of them he was said to be the best boy in the school, but at the other he was the very worst!'

With what would now be considered a very inadequate training, young Wauchope was on the 10th September 1859 entered as a naval cadet on board Her Majesty's ship *Britannia*, there to pick up in the rough school of a sailor's life that knowledge of the world, and particularly of his naval duties, which books and schooling had denied him. At the same time, though deprived of the advantages of Eton or Harrow, or any of the Scottish Universities, he had a much better gift than education—an immense natural shrewdness, and a persevering application, which afterwards made him a good French and German scholar. Among his shipmates on the *Britannia* he was a general favourite. He was only thirteen years of age, but appears to have been a plucky little fellow, full of life and fun, and quite capable of standing up for himself, or for a friend if need be; and in the thirteen months of his service in the ship he made several lifelong friendships. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, writing to us of that period, mentions that he and Wauchope joined the navy about the same time. 'I remember,' he says, 'our chests were close together in the *Britannia*. We separated when we went to sea, but we never lost the friendship we formed in the *Britannia*. We met often in different parts of the world, and I always

found him the same sterling, honest, strong, and chivalrous friend, whose splendid characteristics had so impressed me as a boy. I have always regarded his friendship for me with sentiments of pride. He was very proud of being a Scotsman, and being an Irishman myself, we had many arguments—as boys will have—as to which nation possessed the most interesting personalities. We agreed cordially on every other point, but never once on this. The nation has lost one of its best in poor Andy Wauchope.' There are doubtless others of his *Britannia* shipmates surviving who could give similar testimony.

On the 5th October 1860, Wauchope received his discharge from the *Britannia*, and was entered as a midshipman on board H.M.S. *St. George*, and he mentions himself with what pride and satisfaction he found himself on that autumn day walking down the main street of Portsmouth in his new uniform to join the *St. George*. 'It was one of the happiest days of my life,' he says; 'a day in which I felt myself identified as an officer in Her Majesty's service, more particularly as on the way down to the harbour I was met and saluted by one of the marines.'

The *St. George* was manned by eight hundred men, and in 1860 was considered a well-equipped vessel, and as compared with the days of Nelson and Collingwood showed a great advance in naval strength and efficiency. At Trafalgar the biggest gun in the whole British fleet was only a fifty-six pounder, but the *St. George* had in addition to a number of that calibre several sixty-eight pounders, while her speed of ten knots an hour was considered highly satisfactory. Though these equipments would not bear comparison with present-day standards, the young midshipman was proud of his ship and proud of the service, and in after years could with no little exultation

honestly say that, 'though armaments had changed, the hearts of oak remained as of yore; while the old red rag, which had withstood the battle and the breeze for a thousand years, was still able to claim the allegiance of its people.'

Wauchope's commanding officer on board the *St. George* was Captain the Hon. Francis Egerton—whose son, Commander Egerton, was killed at Ladysmith in November 1899—and among his brother officers were H.R.H. Prince Alfred, afterwards the Duke of Edinburgh, and latterly known as the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and Admiral Sir Robert Harris, now Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope station.

The *St. George* was commissioned at Portsmouth, and was transferred to Devonport early in 1861. She was then one of the noblest and most imposing-looking ships of the service, having the year before been thoroughly overhauled and converted from a one hundred and twenty gun ship to one of ninety guns. As a three-decker sailing ship she was considered one of the finest fighting vessels afloat, and her conversion to a steamship of the line had been attended with the most successful results. She was selected by Prince Albert for his son, the youthful Prince Alfred, who joined her as a midshipman a few months after Wauchope —on the 16th January 1861—as she lay in Plymouth Sound, under orders for a cruise to the British North American Stations and the West India Islands.

The greater part of the year seems to have been spent in and about Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, which became a centre for cruises in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Canadian ports. We have it on the authority of several of those who were midshipmen with the Prince, that they were a jovial, happy company, all on the most friendly

terms with one another. The Prince, who was very fond of 'Andy,' as he was always called, showed him particular friendship, and the affection which as boys and shipmates they formed then continued more or less in later years.

The Prince came back to England in the month of August to spend a short holiday with his parents at Balmoral, but rejoined his ship, which was lying at Halifax, in October. His return was welcomed by his mates and by the citizens of that town; and the Governor, the Earl of Mulgrave, entertained His Royal Highness and the officers of the *St. George* at a state dinner on the eve of their departure for a cruise to Bermuda. Among the sunny islands of the South the ship and her crew were everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm, the black and white population alike vying with each other in their demonstrations of loyalty; but the sudden death of the Prince Consort at the end of December compelled the return home for a time of Prince Alfred, who left his ship at Halifax on receipt of the sad news, with every expression of sympathy from his brother officers. In the spring of 1862 Wauchope's ship paid another visit to the West India Islands, taking up her station for some weeks with other six ships of the line at Bermuda, where the young 'middies' were entertained to a continued round of amusements and excursions.

A seafaring life, if often one of risks and toil, has its seasons of enforced idleness. Midshipmen's amusements and practical jokes are proverbial, and the quarter-deck of the *St. George* was not always free of them. Many pranks were played upon one another in idle hours by these sprightly young officers, leading sometimes to reprimands by their superiors; and young Andy Wauchope did not

always escape the suspicion that he was an active leader in such ploys. It has even been hinted that he had on one occasion the pluck—or, shall we say, audacity?—to have a stand-up fight with the Queen's son. We do not vouch for the story; but of this we are certain, that, if he had a just cause of quarrel, he was not the boy to let even the prestige of royalty stand between him and the punishment due to the aggressor, whoever he might be.

Some years afterwards, in the winter of 1863-64, when Prince Alfred resided at Holyrood Palace, and was a student of Edinburgh University, he paid a friendly visit to his old shipmate at Niddrie, spending the day in pigeon-shooting. He and a number of his friends arrived in the forenoon on horseback, and the identity of the party not having been made known to the keeper of the Niddrie toll, through which they had to pass to reach the house, he peremptorily insisted upon payment. But being told that it was the Queen's son going to see the laird, his loyalty so much got the better of him that he would not take a copper.

After luncheon the party adjourned to the park to have some shooting. Mr. Wauchope, 'Andy's' father, was with them, and was persuaded to try a shot, but unfortunately the piece went off in his hand before he could take aim, and one of the footmen in attendance was hit in the arm by the charge. Mr. Wauchope was so distressed over the accident that he vowed he would never again take a gun in his hand.

But it was not in the navy that young Wauchope was destined to distinguish himself. It has been said that the severity and even harshness of the naval discipline gave him a distaste of the service, and drove him from it. Possibly some remarks he made on one occasion as to his

having been unjustly punished for some petty offence may have given some colour to this supposition. We rather incline to accept the explanation of a brother officer, who asked him afterwards why he left the navy. His reply was, 'for no reason except that his father wished him, and that his father desired that he should have a naval training before he entered the army.'

The experience gained at sea was certainly not lost, for his father's wisdom furnished him with a dual equipment which in after years was not infrequently of value. The injustice of the punishment he received when in the *St. George*, whatever it may have been, certainly impressed itself upon him to this extent, that later in life he made it a rule never to punish a soldier until thoroughly satisfied of his guilt, and he always was inclined to give a man the benefit of a doubt.

The *St. George* returned home in the beginning of July 1862 from her long cruise in American waters, and with her return young Wauchope closed his naval career. The official Admiralty record simply states that 'on the 3rd of July 1862 Midshipman Wauchope was discharged from the service at his own request, in order that he might qualify for the army.' His whole naval experience, therefore, covered a period of scarcely three years, but it gave him a knowledge of men and things, and a knowledge of the world, better, perhaps, than any study of books could afford.

CHAPTER III

ENTERS THE ARMY—THE BLACK WATCH—ASHANTI WAR—RETURN HOME—BANQUET AT PORTOBELLO.

YOUNG Wauchope had not long to wait for a commission. At that time positions in the army could only be got by purchase and strong influence, but he was fortunate in being enrolled as ensign, in November 1865, in the 42nd Highlanders, one of the most popular and distinguished of Scottish regiments, and familiarly known as the 'Black Watch.' He was only nineteen years of age at the time when he joined the regiment at Stirling Castle, and is described by one of his superiors as then 'a merry, rollicking lad, full of life and fun.' 'Andy,' as he used to be called by the officers, and 'Red Mick' more frequently by the men, was a general favourite; and, notwithstanding his natural lightness of heart, he had soundness of brain and judgment enough to know that promotion would only come to him by diligent study and close application to his profession. His commanding officer, Sir John M'Leod, appears, at all events, to have been struck with the young man's energy of character and indefatigable 'go,' for he describes him as at that time 'a particularly energetic young lad, who thought nothing of walking from Stirling to Niddrie to see his old father whenever he could get a few days' leave at a week-end.' This, he explains, was not

at all from motives of economy, 'but merely to walk off superfluous energy.' Assiduous in the matter of drill, Wauchope soon became as proficient as his instructor, for he took a thorough pleasure in the exercise. The innate smartness and recklessness of the red-polled ensign at once endeared him to a grave old Crimean drill-sergeant, who forthwith charged himself with his training. Concerning this latest accession to the commissioned strength of the Black Watch, the man of stripes was wont to say—'That red-headed Wauchope chap will either gang tae the deil, or he'll dee Commander-in-Chief!'

Though the worthy sergeant's prediction has in neither case been verified, young Wauchope, though at first inclined to consider his superiors a trifle slow, soon fell into the steady sober ways of the 42nd, then as now noted for the gentlemanly conduct of its officers, and the upright character of its rank and file. 'Step out, shentlemens; step out. You're all shentlemens here; if you're not shentlemens in the Black Watch, you'll not be shentlemens anywhere.' Such was the opinion of their old Highland sergeant as he put them through their drill. We have been told that at that time one might be a year among the officers and never hear an oath uttered, while smoking and drinking were scarcely known. Wauchope was thus fortunate in being, at a critical period of his life, associated with men who shunned what was vulgar, and whose influence over him was for good. In military matters he early manifested the inquiring mind. Points in drill or tactics, which he might not at first understand, set him thinking, and he would not rest till he got an explanation of their meaning and object. Captain Christie, then adjutant of the Black Watch, now governor of Edinburgh Prison, was early taken into the young ensign's

confidence in difficulties of this kind. Having been through the hard fighting of the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny, the captain was made frequently to 'fight his battles o'er again,' explaining the methods and tactics by which decisive results were attained in the various engagements. Never what may be called a great reader of books, Wauchope had two, however, placed in his hand by his adjutant when in Stirling Castle, which he studied assiduously. These two books—Macaulay's *Essays* and Burke's *French Revolution*—he read and re-read, borrowing them several times, and there is little doubt that the perusal of them made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind, going a long way towards the formation of that strong political sagacity, administrative ability in civil affairs, and military genius which were displayed on many occasions in his after-life.

In 1867 Wauchope went to Hythe, where he passed in the Military School of Instruction first-class in musketry, and in June of that year was promoted to be lieutenant. So proficient was he found in the matter of drill that, in spite of his youth, he was appointed to the important position of adjutant to the regiment in 1870, though still retaining the rank of lieutenant, a position which he held with the utmost credit for the next three years. During this time he served successively with the 42nd in garrison duty at Edinburgh, Aldershot, and Devonport.

Leaving Edinburgh in 1869 by the transport *Orontes*, from Granton to Portsmouth, the regiment reached Aldershot camp on the 12th November, and was stationed there for two and a half years. After taking a part in the Autumn Manœuvres at Dartmoor in August 1873, they were stationed for a few months at the Clarence Barracks, Portsmouth. His duties during all these years were of the

most arduous and trying description, but his singularly lovable and attractive nature made him so many friends that difficulties disappeared before his cheerful countenance. Speaking of this period in his career, Colonel Bayly, afterwards his commanding officer, says—'It was very early in his subaltern career that Wauchope was voted for the appointment of adjutant, and he made one of the best that had ever been appointed. His charm of disposition enabled him to gain the love of his men, whilst his tact and firmness enabled him to enforce the necessary discipline.'

On the outbreak of the Ashanti war on the west coast of Africa in the autumn of 1873, young Lieutenant Wauchope found his first opportunity, in active foreign service, of showing the metal of which he was made.

The king of Ashanti—Koffee Kalcallee—the head of a strong warlike kingdom on the north of the Gold Coast, had long asserted his authority over the neighbouring provinces of Akim, Assin, Gaman, and Denkira, down to the very coast where the Dutch and English had settlements. The transfer, in 1872, of the Dutch possessions adjoining Cape Coast Castle to Great Britain for certain commercial privileges, gave King Koffee of Ashanti the opportunity for asserting what he considered his lawful authority over the Fantees or adjoining coast tribe. This, however, was only a covert excuse for striking a blow at British rule on the Gold Coast, and in January 1873 an army of 60,000 warriors—and the Ashantis, though cruel, are brave and warlike—was in full march upon Cape Coast Castle and Elmina. The British force on the spot under Colonel Harley was only a thousand men, mainly West India troops and Haussa police, with a few marines; and though the neighbouring friendly tribes, whose interest it

was to remain under the British protectorate, raised a large contingent for their own defence, this was a force that could not be relied on. By the month of April the Ashantis had crossed the river Prah, the southern limit of their kingdom, and were within a few miles of Cape Coast Castle, and matters were looking serious. With the aid of a small reinforcement of marines, the enemy were fortunately kept at bay until the 2nd October, when a strong force arrived from England, which turned the tide against King Koffee, and ultimately swept him and his warriors back upon his capital. This expedition, under Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, with his staff and a body of five hundred sailors and marines, not only held their own, but by the end of November, after much hard preliminary work, had forced the king to retreat to Kumasi. Wolseley, finding the expedition a more arduous one than was at first expected, had meantime asked for further reinforcements, and on the 4th December the Black Watch, accompanied by a considerable number of volunteers from the 79th, left Portsmouth, arriving on 4th January 1874 at their destination. Sir Garnet had now at his disposal a force consisting of the 23rd, 42nd, and 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, detachments of Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Royal Marines, which, with native levies, formed a small but effective army wherewith to advance into the enemy's country.

This was no light task, more especially when the dangerous nature of the climate is taken into account, and the necessity there was that the enterprise should be accomplished, if at all, before the rainy season, with all its concomitant malaria, set in. To pierce into the heart of a country like Ashanti, with its marshes and matted forests, its pathless jungles and fetid swamps, with a

cunning foe ever dogging their steps, was the service imposed on this brave little army of British. As Lord Derby remarked at the time, this was to be 'an engineers' and doctors' war.' Roads had to be made, bridges built, telegraphs set up, and camps formed. But by the energy and skill of General Wolseley, ably supported by such men as Captain (now Sir) Redvers Buller, Colonel (afterwards Sir John) N'Neil, Lieut.-Colonel (afterwards Sir Evelyn) Wood, Colonel (now Sir John) M'Leod, and others who have since risen to distinction in the army, the enterprise was successfully and brilliantly accomplished within a month. The Ashantis were forced back upon their own territory in a number of engagements, until at last their capital was seized and burned to the ground.

Lieutenant Wauchope's share in this expedition was highly creditable to his bravery and military skill. Accompanying Sir Garnet Wolseley at an early stage of the struggle, as one of the staff, he resigned his adjutantship of the Black Watch, and was afterwards fortunate in obtaining special employment as a commander of one of the native regiments formed at Cape Coast Castle, namely, Russell's regiment of Haussas, the Winnebah Company. To form such crude material into a well-disciplined body of soldiers seemed at first a well-nigh hopeless undertaking. Their fear made cowards of them all. The very sight of a gun terrified them, and for long they held their arms in such superstitious dread, that they would hang them up in the trees and actually worship them. But Wauchope's admirable drilling qualifications stood him in good stead. He took, we are told, a great pride in the training of his 'black boys,' as he called them, and infused into them much of his own daring spirit. This appointment separated him for a time from his own regiment, but on

the Black Watch arriving afterwards at the Gold Coast, he had frequent opportunities of fighting by their side.

In the advanced guard, the 42d Regiment and Russell's Haussas, under Colonel M'Leod, having crossed the Adansi hills, reached Prah-su on the 30th January, and occupied a position about two miles from the Ashanti main position at Amoaful. Surmounting innumerable difficulties, and carrying all before them, the Highlanders by their dash and intrepidity were a splendid example to those led by Wauchope, who sometimes had difficulty in inspiring his men with courage enough to face their much-dreaded enemy. In scouting and clearing the ground his men were, however, invaluable, and if we consider the dense undergrowth that covered the country traversed, this was a work of great importance. By one traveller we are told 'the country hereabout (at Amoaful) is one dense mass of brush, penetrated by a few narrow lanes, where the ground, hollowed by rains, is so uneven and steep at the sides as to give scanty footing. A passenger between the two walls of foliage may wander for hours before he finds that he has mistaken the path. To cross the country from one narrow clearing to another, axes and knives must be used at every step. There is no looking over the hedge in this oppressive and bewildering maze.' It was in such a position as this that the battle of Amoaful was fought. The enemy's army was never seen in open order, but its numbers are reported by Ashantis to have been from fifteen to twenty thousand. After a stubborn day's fight in the entanglement of the forest, the Ashantis were finally defeated with great loss.

On the 1st February, the day following this important engagement, orders were issued for an attack upon Becquah, towards which Captain Buller and Lord Gifford

scouted at daybreak. The attack was intrusted to Sir Archibald Alison, who had under his orders the Naval Brigade, one gun and one rocket detachment, Rait's Artillery, detachment of Royal Engineers, with labourers, 23rd Fusiliers, five companies of 42nd Highlanders, and Russell's regiment of Haussas, with scouts. This force was divided into an advanced guard and main body, and Wauchope was again honoured with the post of danger, his regiment of Haussas being in the advanced guard along with the Naval Brigade and Rait's Artillery, all under the command of Colonel M'Leod. After a toilsome march through the bush under a tropical sun, the town of Becquah was reached, and a sharp but decisive engagement took place, the main brunt of which fell upon Lord Gifford's scouts and the Haussas. Still pressing on, the intrepid little army, through many mazy trampings, arrived at Jarbinbah, every inch of the ground being disputed by the enemy. Here Wauchope was wounded in the chest by a slug fired down upon him from one of the tall trees in the swampy ground in front of an ambuscade; but, serious enough though it was, and causing much loss of blood, it did not prevent him sticking to his post and looking after his 'black boys.' After this battle King Koffee sent in a letter to Sir Garnet Wolseley, with vague promises of an indemnity, hoping to prevent the invading army approaching his capital; but his previous prevarications did not admit of his tardy proposals being for a moment entertained. The king, realising this, resolved to dispute the passage of the river Ordah. The stream was about fifty feet wide, and waist-deep, and the enemy, to the number of at least 10,000 men, were posted on the further side. Russell's regiment of Haussas was, on the afternoon of the 3rd February, at once passed to the other side of the stream as a covering party to the Engineers, who

were ordered to throw over a bridge. They rapidly made entrenchments, and cleared the ground on the north side, so that the whole advanced guard might successfully cross. In this affair Lieutenant Wauchope acquitted himself with much coolness and bravery, notwithstanding his wounded state, Colonel M'Leod reporting the regiment as 'being in front the whole day, and having behaved with remarkable steadiness under trying circumstances, *reserving their fire* with remarkable self-control.' This shows a decided improvement in the discipline of Wauchope's 'black boys' from a former despatch, where their firing was characterised as 'wild.' By daybreak on the morning of the 4th February the bridge over the Ordah was completed, amid drenching rain, which had continued all night, and the whole available force was successfully passed over in spite of the vigorous resistance of the Ashantis, who, with drums beating and great shouting, were endeavouring to circle round the British. 'For the first half-mile from the river the path rose tolerably even,' says one report; 'then after a rapid descent it passed along a narrow ridge with a ravine on each side; dipped again deeply, and then finally rose into the village. To the south-west of the village, extending almost to the village itself, and for a considerable distance along the road, the enemy had made a clearing of several acres, by cutting down a plantain-grove. Colonel M'Leod steadily advanced along the main road under cover of a gun, after a few rounds from which the Rifles made a corresponding advance; then the gun was brought up again, and another advance made; and in this manner the village was at last reached and carried.' The Ashantis fought well, and with a vigour and pertinacity which won the praise and admiration of the Highlanders. The soldiers were put to their mettle, and even the Haussas, as if

catching the fierce courage of the Scotsmen, laboured with vigour and energy not eclipsed by any in the field. The dislodgment of the enemy was not effected, however, without considerable loss, Lieutenant Eyre being killed, while Wauchope received a second severe wound, this time on the shoulder.

The battle virtually decided the fate of Kumasi and King Koffee. On the news of the defeat of his army the king fled, no one knew whither, and the victorious General Wolseley, with his troops, entered the blood-stained capital in the evening. Attempts were made to negotiate with the king. He preferred to keep in hiding, and after two days' stay in his capital in order, if possible, to compel him to come to terms, it was at length resolved to destroy the place and at once retire to Cape Coast Castle. Kumasi was burned to the ground on the 6th February, and the British troops having accomplished their purpose retraced their steps, and notwithstanding the swollen state of the rivers—for the rainy season had just set in—their destination was reached in twelve days. No time was lost in getting the troops out of the influence of the deadly climate, and accordingly by the 4th March the whole expeditionary force was embarked for home.

Wauchope's wounds, thanks to a good constitution, readily healed, and by the time of his arrival at Portsmouth he was fairly convalescent, though every effort made to extract the slug had been unsuccessful. He left his favourite Haussas—his 'black boys'—with every manifestation of regret, at Cape Coast Castle. Nor was the regret only on his side, for we learn from one of his brother officers that 'they looked up to him as a father, and would willingly have followed him through any danger, even to death itself.'

For his conspicuous bravery in the various engagements in Ashanti, Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches brought Wauchope under the favourable notice of the Government, and he was awarded the Ashanti medal and clasp. On the return of the troops, they were received with the utmost enthusiasm, commanders and men being fêted and thanked, both at Cape Coast Castle and in England, for their brilliant services. The expedition entered Portsmouth in March 1874, with loud demonstrations of welcome, the Black Watch especially coming in for a large share of popular attention.

Sir Garnet Wolseley had in London and elsewhere a repetition of the extraordinary reception he and his followers had experienced at Cape Coast Castle on their triumphal return from Kumasi.

A civic banquet was given in April by the Lord Mayor of London in the Egyptian Hall, at which nearly three hundred guests sat down, including nearly all the officers of the expedition. Among those present were the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Teck, besides a number of members of the Cabinet. But although the bulk of the honours naturally fell to Sir Garnet Wolseley and the senior officers of the expedition, and Wauchope's name scarcely appears in these public demonstrations, his friends in Scotland had their eye upon the young lieutenant who had in a few short months carved out for himself a distinguished reputation, and had added to the laurels of the house of Niddrie. The people of Portobello specially determined to show their appreciation of his gallant services by a public banquet, and though at first the natural modesty of the young soldier shrank from such a recognition of his services, after some persuasion he consented. The

banquet took place on the 12th June in the Town Hall. There was a large gathering of the principal inhabitants. Provost Wood presided, and was supported by, among others, Sir James Gardiner Baird, Lord Ventry, and a number of county gentry.

In proposing the toast of the evening, Provost Wood took occasion to say:—'We are met to do honour to a soldier who volunteered to serve on the staff of General Wolseley in the recent war. At that time it was thought that British troops would not be required, but that the friendly natives, commanded and disciplined by British officers, would be able to cope with the savage Ashantis. Lieutenant Wauchope, on his arrival at the Gold Coast, was appointed one of the officers of the Haussas—a body of natives who proved themselves superior in courage and endurance to any of our African allies. Commanded and led by British officers—the chief being the gallant Lord Gifford—these troops did much valuable service. They formed the van of our advancing army, and were frequently engaged in the most severe and wild fighting. Our guest, in his ardour to see active service, had voluntarily separated himself from his own regiment. Yet he was destined to share with them the dangers and glory of the war. The War Office, finding that the Ashantis were more formidable than was at first expected, and that our native allies were less to be relied upon, resolved to send out British troops. This meeting must feel proud, as an assemblage of Scotsmen, that the 42nd Royal Highlanders was one of the chosen regiments, and our guest must have felt gratified when he found he had an opportunity of fighting beside his own regiment at Amoaful; and at that place, while leading on his Haussas, our gallant guest was wounded. He did not, however, fall to the rear, but continued to

push forward, and, along with the glorious 42nd, he entered the now famous city of Kumasi. I need scarcely recall the events of the campaign—how a very small British army, with little assistance from native allies, in the course of a few weeks beat and shattered the enormous Ashanti forces, and compelled the hitherto unconquered Ashantis to sue for peace, and give freedom and security to the country round. It has always been the pride and the pleasure of the people of this country to do honour to those who have fought and bled for their country's cause, especially so when that cause is associated, as it was in this instance, with the spread of civilisation and the prevention and prohibition of slavery and cruelty. The newspaper reports showed us that the Lothians had gallant representatives at the Ashanti war, and the people of Portobello felt proud to see the old and honoured name of Wauchope prominently noticed. We also felt a desire to give expression to the sympathy and respect we entertain for the house of Niddrie by a public demonstration in honour of a young scion of that house, who has proved that he has within him a dauntless spirit worthy of his ancient lineage. We desire this evening to congratulate our guest, that a kind Providence has guarded his life, and protected him through the imminent risks of a pestilential climate and the dangers of a wild war; and we hope yet to see Lieutenant Wauchope rise to that high position in the service which his talents and abilities so eminently qualify him to fill.'

Lieutenant Wauchope's reply was characteristic of the man. He was not quite so much at his ease, or felt he was in his proper place, as if he had been at the head of his Haussas. 'He thanked the Provost for the too flattering words in which he had referred to his services. He had

not deserved such great honour at their hands. His services as rendered to the State were poor and insignificant—very much so indeed. But he felt himself standing on firmer ground when he remembered that he was an officer in the 42nd Royal Highlanders. He recognised in the entertainment a desire to mark their appreciation of the conduct of the regiment to which he had the honour to belong. He had no hesitation in saying that the 42nd deserved well of its country, and he thought that it had added honour to its history.

'They were all well aware that the Ashantis had invaded our allies' country, and had perpetrated many horrible cruelties. Our representative on the coast sent remonstrances and threats, but these were all in vain until backed by picked battalions. Two hundred marines were first sent out. They landed at a most unhealthy season, and most of them died. Sir Garnet Wolseley then arrived on the scene, accompanied by British officers, and the result was that the Ashantis were driven back beyond the river Prah, and within fifteen miles of Kumasi. On the 4th February, King Koffee gave instructions to his bodyguard that any man who ran away would have his head cut off. But even King Koffee himself had to run before the British bullets. He did not think that the lives that were lost, or the money that was spent, were given in vain, because it would show those barbarous nations that the glory of old England was not to be trampled upon with impunity—that if people would invade our territory and commit murders and crime, the retribution would be terrible. The British lion took a long time to rise. He was a grand old animal in his way; but when he did rise, the vengeance would be speedy. He believed that the King of Ashanti bitterly regretted the

day that he first invaded the British Protectorate.' He thanked the company for the high honour they had done him, and concluded with a few jocular remarks as to his connection with the town and district. He could assure them, he said, that if fortune should smile on him, and if on a future occasion he should return from some campaign as a successful soldier, he should be disappointed if he was not entertained by them in a similar manner. He was proud of the district — of the county which gave him birth. He had often said to himself that he would spend the latter days of his life in Portobello. It might be that yet he would take the position of a town councillor of the Burgh. He had no doubt he would make a most excellent civil magistrate, and be a terror to evil-doers! In afterwards replying to the toast of the House of Niddrie, Lieutenant Wauchope referred to the long connection it had with the district, and 'expressed the hope that as it had never brought dishonour upon its name, it would never do so in the future. So far as in him lay, he would always try to sustain its honour.'

It is perhaps not wise to attach too much importance to after-dinner speeches, but there is a ring of sincerity of purpose in these last words, which in the light of after events gives them an importance they might not otherwise have. Wauchope lived up to his ideal standard of a chivalrous knight, and nobly upheld the honour of his name. What Chaucer five hundred years ago wrote of his imaginary knight, we to-day may say of our real one:

> 'He nevere yit no vileinye ne sayde
> In al his lyf, unto no maner wight,
> He was a verray perfight gentil knight.'

Wauchope's father was unfortunately unable to be present on so auspicious an occasion on account of the state of his health, but he was much gratified by this public recognition of his son's services. The latter, still in indifferent health, with the slug-wounds in his chest giving him no little trouble, had, however, a long period of rest, and was much of the time at Niddrie. His attention to his father was very marked while at home—father and son being frequently seen arm in arm walking through the grounds.

CHAPTER IV

DEATH OF WAUCHOPE'S FATHER—ORDERED TO MALTA—REMINISCENCES—RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS—CYPRUS—APPOINTMENT AS CIVIL COMMISSIONER OF PAPHO—REMINISCENCES—SIR ROBERT BIDDULPH—THE SULTAN'S CLAIMS.

In November 1874 Wauchope had the misfortune to lose his father, for whom, especially since the death of his much-loved mother in the summer of 1858, he had the closest affection, never permitting any opportunity to pass without visiting the paternal roof. Though Mr. Andrew Wauchope of Niddrie was only fifty-six when he died, he had for some years been very much of an invalid, and was latterly unable to take any active part in public business. He spent much of his time in and about his house and grounds, taking a considerable interest in their improvement; but outside he was well known for his efforts to improve the position of those dependent upon him, and for his quiet but consistent Christian character.

He attended for several years before his death the Free Church at Portobello, then under the ministry of the Rev. Robert Henderson Ireland. There was no more regular attender of the church than Mr. Wauchope, who was generally accompanied by one of his daughters, and by his son Andrew when he happened to be at home, and

to the last the friendship between Mr. Wauchope and his minister was of the most cordial and kindly nature. We believe he often expressed his sense of the benefit he derived from sitting under Mr. Ireland's ministry.

On Mr. Wauchope's death Lieutenant Wauchope's elder brother, William John Wauchope, then a Major in the Enniskilling Dragoons, succeeded to the estates, and in some measure this change altered his relationship to the old home. It could not now be the same to him as formerly, though he was on the most friendly terms with his brother, and not unfrequently spent some of his time at Niddrie and Yetholm.

There is little doubt that his father's death, coupled with his own precarious state of health, brought to his mind a deeper conviction of the seriousness of life, and led to his forming more pronounced views of religious truth. But Lieutenant Wauchope, having creditably won his spurs and fought and bled in his country's service, was not the man to rest upon his laurels. He was ready, notwithstanding former wounds, for further service when the occasion might arise.

In November 1875 he again joined his regiment at Malta, where it had been stationed for nearly a year. His arrival among his old comrades was the occasion of a cordial welcome at the Floriana barracks, and he at once threw himself with spirit into the whole work and drill of the regiment, taking a lively interest in the welfare of the men and also of their wives and children. A brother officer who was then also a subaltern, and had joined the regiment at Malta a few months later, says: 'Wauchope was the "Father of the Subalterns" or senior Lieutenant, and right well he "fathered" newly joined youngsters, always ready to help them in any way—lending

them ponies to ride and play polo on. I was always,' he continues, 'associated with him on the mess committee, and served under him, and what struck one most about him was the thoroughness with which he tackled whatever was on hand.'

As regards the rank and file, he was a very brother to many of them, as the following from one of the colour-sergeants will show:—'Lieutenant Wauchope was always a favourite with the men, and in Malta he took a deep interest in them and did much for them, always manifesting a kindly sympathy towards any who were married without leave, or who happened to be involved in any trouble which entailed a deduction from their pay. On pay-day, while the sergeant was paying the men, Wauchope would often sit at the table looking on, and note any who got only a few coppers on account of stoppage for support of wife and family, or for other reasons. He would quietly tell them to wait a little till the company was all paid. Then he would speak to each separately, giving them a word of sympathy or admonition, along with a piece of money, expressing the hope as he dismissed them that they would try to do better in the future. This was so unusual as between officers and men that it had a wonderful effect upon them.' Even in their recreations and amusements he showed an interest, and encouraged them in every possible way. 'He kept a small yacht while at Malta, and he was in the habit of inviting the sergeants to an afternoon's enjoyment in cruising about the harbour for an hour or two.'

With him, care for his men was his first thought; and in commanding the G company of the 42nd in Floriana barracks, another of his sergeants observes 'that even in the hot summer afternoons, when the men were lying

down in their beds, he used regularly to sit on the barrack-room table lecturing them on minor tactics, often, I fear, more to his own satisfaction than to their edification!'

Of this period of Wauchope's life we have a most interesting sketch from one who had ample opportunities of seeing his conduct, and forming a judgment upon the motives and disposition of heart and mind which governed his actions. Dr. Wisely, who has for many years been army chaplain at Malta to the Presbyterian soldiers stationed there, formed a close and intimate friendship with the young lieutenant on his arrival in the island. He saw much of him, and their acquaintance was renewed on several occasions when Wauchope happened afterwards to be there. His opinion is therefore of some value. 'It is,' says he, 'almost a quarter of a century since I became acquainted with the late General Wauchope. He was then about thirty years of age; and although he had been in the Black Watch for twelve years or more, and had also for a considerable period been adjutant of the regiment, he was still only a subaltern, and it seemed quite uncertain when he would get his company. Promotion in the 42nd was at that time very slow, and I asked him whether he had ever thought of changing into some other regiment, where he might have a better chance. His answer was a very emphatic "No." He wished to remain in the old corps and take what came.

'Wauchope held some special appointment at home, and his regiment had been in Malta for several months before he joined them after the Ashanti war. He had been severely wounded in that war. A leaden slug, fired by one of the savages hidden among the branches of trees, entered his breast, and it was a marvel he was not killed on the spot. He told me he bled like an ox. His account of

how the blood at last stopped was somewhat curious. His old colonel, Sir John M'Leod, came to see him after he was wounded, and on leaving he presented him with a copy of the Book of Psalms. Wauchope said that he began wondering whether "old Jack," as he familiarly called his commanding officer, whom he greatly venerated, was in the habit of carrying about copies of the Psalms in his pocket to give to officers when dangerously wounded, and it struck him in such a ludicrous light that, after the good colonel was out of sight, he burst into such a fit of laughing that he could not stop—and that, he said, stopped the bleeding! Sir John and Wauchope had a great respect for each other. Wauchope looked up to Sir John with admiration bordering on awe. The colonel regarded his lieutenant as a model officer. He told me that Wauchope's character commanded universal respect, and that his high moral tone and the thoroughness with which he discharged all his duties gave him an influence which was invaluable.

'On his arrival in Malta he was appointed musketry Instructor at Pembroke Camp. The men's shooting did not come up to the standard which it was thought it ought to reach; and one day Sir John said to me: "Wauchope is making himself perfectly ill with his anxiety about it. If he would only be anxious twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four I would not mind so much, but he is anxious all the twenty-four hours of the day!"

'At that time, however, Wauchope was anxious not only about his professional duties, but he was concerned about himself, for he knew that his life was a most precarious one, scarcely worth a day's purchase. The slug which pierced his chest had not been extracted. It kept moving about, and at any moment might cause death.

This he knew full well. He consulted the best surgeons in the island, but they were unable to do anything. It was not, I believe, till about a year afterwards that the slug was at last extracted by an Edinburgh surgeon.

'During this period of Wauchope's stay in Malta, when there was, as it were, this drawn sword hanging over his head, although he maintained a quiet exterior, he felt that there was but a step between him and death. I saw a great deal of him then. He had brought a letter of introduction to me from his law-agent in Edinburgh, my old friend the late Mr. Colin Mackenzie, W.S., and from the first he honoured me with his confidence. He spoke freely of the possibility, not to say the probability, that his time on earth might be short, but he showed no craven fear. He said he wished to know as much as he could about the world into which he might soon be going—that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns." I have seldom met a man further removed from fanaticism, and at the same time so full of reverence. From his earliest days he seems to have feared God. He had not, however, escaped from the doubts and difficulties raised by the sceptical spirit of the age. He shrank from taking a leap in the dark. He wanted to be sure that there was no mistake, and he took the best means of becoming sure. "If any man will do His will," Christ says, "he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." This is what Wauchope did. He put the desire to do God's will into every duty which fell to him. He followed on to know the Lord, and he came to know the truth of the Gospel, not only as a truth of faith, but a truth of personal experience.'

Lieutenant Wauchope was home on furlough more than once during the period of the 42nd regiment's stay in

Malta, extending to nearly four years, and it was on one of these visits to Edinburgh he was operated upon successfully, as mentioned by Dr. Wisely.

Though still only a lieutenant, he was appointed to the command of E company in July 1878, while in Malta. With a wider range of duties and greater responsibilities, this appointment gave him much satisfaction, and he set himself to the task of making E company *the* company of the regiment, sparing neither time nor money to advance its efficiency, and at the same time to add to the comfort and pleasure of his men. To be one of Wauchope's company was considered a high privilege. Two months afterwards—in September—he received his full commission as captain. In addition to the yacht in which he would give them occasional cruises, we are told by one of his men that 'the company had a good boating-crew, and at a cost of about £20 he had the best boat built for them that Malta could produce. On one occasion, when they had some races, Captain Wauchope steered them in a match with the 101st regiment, but not to victory. Wauchope's boat, named "The Black Watch," was beaten, but he was the first to declare that the race was lost owing entirely to his bad steering.'

The occupation of the island of Cyprus by Great Britain in 1878 gave Wauchope a splendid opportunity for the exercise of his talents, not only as a military man, but in the capacity of a civil administrator and judge. The island was taken over from the Turks in July of that year. Their government of it for centuries had been a curse to the people and a curse on the land, and it had lapsed into one of the forgotten spots of God's earth. The advent of British rule proved the beginning of a new era for both its Greek and Turkish population. Endowed with a healthy

climate and a fertile soil, Cyprus—once so fruitful and prosperous—may yet rank as one of the most flourishing dependencies of the Crown. It is full of romance, for its lovely scenery and relics of the past well entitle it to be called 'an Enchanted Island.' With mediæval traditions of its occupation by the Crusaders, and with its still older classical reminiscences of the heathen worship of Aphrodite, supplanted by the early conversion of its people to Christianity through the visit of St. Paul, St. Mark, and Barnabas, not to speak of its repeated conquest by Phoenicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Venetians, and Turks, there is no more interesting island to be found in the Mediterranean.

In July 1878 a regiment of Scottish Highlanders was sent to occupy this fair island of the Orient in name of the Queen. The Black Watch from Malta, in the transport *Himalaya*, landed at Larnaka, and were distributed at various points for garrison duty, under the direction of General Sir Garnet Wolseley, as High Commissioner. Wolseley, having divided the island into districts, deputed the civil administration of these to a number of the most skilled of the military officers of the regiment. To Lieutenant Wauchope, then thirty-two years of age, was given, with the title of captain, the charge of the town and district of Papho—the ancient Paphos, where the Apostles' journey through the island closed, and where Elymas the sorcerer was struck blind for a time. As assistant-commissioner Wauchope was well supported by Lieutenant A. G. Duff, a young officer of his company, who furnishes us with some particulars of their duties and difficulties there. The post was anything but a sinecure. He had the superintendence of the revenue under Sir Robert Biddulph, then Financial Commissioner of the island. In this important office he set

himself with all the earnestness of his nature to the correction of abuses, the suppression of crime, and the establishment of law and order, out of which only can freedom and security be attained. We have it on the authority of Mr. F. H. Parker, the District Judge of Limasol, that 'not only was he a most efficient governor, but in those days, when Ottoman judges sat in the Daavi (District) Court, he presided as a just and capable judge. Though more than twenty years have elapsed since then, the inhabitants,' he says, 'irrespective of creed or nationality, still look back on his civil administration with admiration and deep respect. Even to this day his decisions in disputed land or water rights are relied on as *res judicata*, and he invariably decided these after minute and personal local inquiries.' During his two years' service on the island—from 17th June 1878 till July 1880—Wauchope acquitted himself with much judgment and discretion, and the honours thrust upon him were worthily achieved as they were gratefully given. But while Captain Wauchope's administration in Cyprus was marked with justice, it was sometimes of a kind that did not always give satisfaction. His punishment, for instance, of heinous crimes was considered by the natives to be of such severity that a complaint was lodged with the Colonial Office against some sentences where he had ordered the delinquents to be flogged. On inquiry being made of him by the Colonial Office as to what he had to say in the matter, his reply was that 'flogging was the only thing for them, as they richly deserved more than the punishment they had got, and he thought it was better for them than hanging'!

His duties did not end in military, or administrative, or judicial service, for sometimes he had even to act as chaplain in cases of emergency, as the following instance

will show. It was only a day or two after he and his regiment had landed, that one of his sergeants, named M'Gaw, took ill under the excessive heat and died. The regimental chaplain was not present, but Wauchope followed the funeral with his company, and at the grave, stepping forward as the body was about to be committed to the dust, feelingly addressed his men in a few appropriate words of exhortation, and concluded, to the surprise and gratification of all, with an earnest extempore prayer. Tears, we are told by one who witnessed the occurrence, were in the eyes of many a stalwart soldier that day, and the incident made a deep impression at the time and was never forgotten by them. A sequel to Sergeant M'Gaw's funeral may here be mentioned as another instance of Wauchope's thoughtful care. Some time afterwards it was discovered that the Cypriote farmer on whose land the sergeant was buried, had removed the little wooden head-mark, and not unnaturally ploughed up the land and destroyed all trace of the grave. The Government was asked to take action, but declined to interfere. So Wauchope and some others went on a moonlight night, and after taking measurements from a certain tree, discovered the grave, dug up the remains, removed them to Kyrenia, and placed them in what is now known as the Black Watch cemetery. A pure white marble sarcophagus now covers Sergeant M'Gaw's grave.

After the long reign of Turkish misrule it will be easily understood that Commissioner Wauchope and his colleague Lieutenant Duff did not all at once find things easy. On the contrary, they found it very hard work. The rascality of the natives was as idyllic as innocence. Murder and theft were so common that they were scarcely considered culpable, and this in what has been called an

'enchanted island,' full of every beauty to satisfy the eye, and every fruit to satisfy the taste. Even ten years after the occupation by the British, and notwithstanding all our efforts to restore order and justice, W. H. Mallock, describing his visit to Cyprus in 1888, says that 'he found there more crime in proportion to the population than in any other known country in the world.' In Nicosia the prisons were full of persons, male and female, confined for murder, theft, etc. 'In the country districts,' he says, 'the cause of murders has generally some connection with sheep-stealing or disputes about boundaries and water rights, or matters equally simple. In the towns the Turkish murders nearly always originate in some ordinary fit of sombre but sudden passion, and the Greek murders in some half-drunken brawl. Curiously enough, a number of these last take place at weddings. Wine has flowed; quarrelling has arisen out of laughter; knives have flashed, and in a second or two one knife has been red with blood. Yet amid so much crime there exists among this degraded people a whimsical simplicity almost justifying a smile.' One instance, as given by Mr. Mallock, will suffice to illustrate this. One of three men implicated in a murder fled to the hut of a shepherd, and begged to be kept there in hiding. The shepherd, who had only a slight acquaintance with the man, asked why he wished to be hidden. On this the murderer, more like a child than a man, explained everything in the most naïve manner possible. The shepherd looked grave. He said that this was a serious matter, and that under the circumstances his protection would have to be paid for. The murderer replied that the booty had not yet been divided; 'I have no money,' he said, 'but save me and I will steal a sheep for you!'

It was among criminals such as these, and a population with the vaguest possible notions of morality, that Wauchope had to deal out justice. How did he accomplish his task? His friend and colleague, now Major Duff, tells us: 'His administration of justice was a marvel, and astonished both Turks and Greeks. He would frequently sit a whole day in the Konak or court-house, dispensing even-handed justice. All the evidence had to be taken through an interpreter, involving much delay, and frequently he sat in this way under high fever. I have sometimes taken his temperature to find it at 105°, but he bore all physical pain without a murmur, and no complaint ever passed his lips.' Papho was considered the most lawless district in the island; and the administration of justice, in both civil and criminal cases, in the hands of Captain Wauchope and Lieutenant Duff, with the aid of an interpreter, involved painstaking discretion of no ordinary kind. 'The Cadi—a Turkish judge—had a seat on the bench along with them, and his opinion was always taken, though not always followed. One incident comes to my memory relating to an execution. We had passed sentence upon a murderer, but were in a difficulty about the gallows, and did not know what to do for want of a suitable rope, but fortunately H.M.S. *Raleigh* unexpectedly put in an appearance in the bay, and the bluejackets readily came to our aid in rigging up a makeshift gallows. The ceremony, however, was not marked with complete success, as, at the first effort, the rope broke; but death had supervened, so that it was of no consequence, as the operation did not require to be repeated. There must have been some flaw in the rope, as it had been previously tried with a very heavy man's weight. We never had any difficulty in the administration of justice. Wauchope's

impartial and thoroughly sound sense of judgment as between man and man, always stood him well with clients and malefactors.'

One case came before him which in this connection is worthy of being recorded. A Turk of infamous character, who had been guilty of horrible crimes, but had escaped punishment under the Turkish rule, was brought before Commissioner Wauchope on a charge of murder. The murder was clearly proved, but doubts were entertained whether the Commissioner would sentence a Mohammedan to be hanged. No such instance had ever been known in the island before. Wauchope did not flinch. He pronounced the sentence, and the murderer was publicly executed. The Commissioner took the precaution, however, of having a company of his Royal Highlanders on the ground to see that there should be no disturbance or any attempt at rescue, and all passed off peacefully.

Besides the judicial functions of the Commissioner of Papho, there were the fiscal duties of Government. Taxes had to be collected, and these, with the relative duties of finance and the management of the post office, were entirely under the personal control of Wauchope and his colleague. The latter service alone must have involved considerable labour. Besides this, they had at Papho one company of the 42nd, camped some little distance out of the town, but near enough to be readily available when required. So busy were they kept with these varied onerous duties, that Wauchope and his friend, frequently working at high pressure, had few opportunities for recreation. But notwithstanding the pressing requirements of the moment, and the somewhat circumscribed social aspect of the place, they were on the best of terms with some of the leading native gentry: the Greek bishop

was particularly friendly, and they often dined with him at his palace. A worthy old fellow he appears to have been, who could enjoy a good dinner with a prime bottle of Cyprus wine. In recognition of his great kindness to them Major Duff mentions that they 'gave him in return such a banquet on St. Andrew's night as seemed to gladden his soul.'

Of amusements, or anything in the way of English sports, there were few or none, even had time permitted. Still, they would not have been British if they had not introduced among the natives some sports from the old country. They accordingly started pony races for the zaptiehs or police of the district. 'Our chief difficulty,' says Major Duff, 'was to get the Turks and Greeks to run together in the same coach, and for this difficult task Wauchope was eminently qualified, as, in addition to all his many sterling attributes, must be added that of being a student of human nature, without which he never would have been the leader of men he unquestionably was.'

So much did Captain Wauchope accomplish during his term of office at Papho, that Dr. Wisely informs us 'the inhabitants looked on him as an angel from heaven—and well they might, when they contrasted his righteous rule with the wretched rule of the Turkish officials who had tyrannised over them. Yet Wauchope was by no means an easy-going ruler. He investigated with the greatest patience every case that was brought before him, and spared himself no pains to get at the truth. This made such an impression upon the Turks, as well as upon the Greek-speaking community, that all classes alike respected him, and when the time came for the Commissioner to retire from office, there was a universal desire expressed that he might be retained.'

We have been favoured with similar testimony from Sir Robert Biddulph, then High Commissioner of Cyprus and lately Governor of Gibraltar, who informs us that 'in carrying out his duties Captain Wauchope showed much administrative ability, as well as great tact and judgment in dealing with the inhabitants. This enabled him to steer a clear course through the political agitation which broke out in Cyprus early in 1879, and which had many adherents in Papho. When Sir Garnet Wolseley left the island at short notice in May 1879 in order to command the troops in Natal and Zululand, his departure, coinciding with the attacks made in Parliament on the Cyprus administration, caused several of the civil commissioners to send in their resignations.' Colonel Biddulph, who had been sent from Cyprus to Constantinople in March 1879 to negotiate with the Porte concerning the 'tribute,' was in June following instructed by the Home Government to return and assume the government of the island as High Commissioner. On his arrival he was met by Captain Wauchope, who had come with several of the other commissioners to wish him good-bye before leaving the island. Sir Robert at once realised the gravity of the situation. 'I told them,' says he, 'that I could not consent to their leaving all together at this crisis, and Wauchope willingly consented to remain for, at all events, some months longer. In September I went home for two months on private affairs, and Wauchope then went home with me, having resigned his appointment with my consent.'

In the interval, certain questions as to personal claims by the Sultan to property in Cyprus were presented to the British Government, and it was decided to appoint a qualified British delegate to investigate these claims on

the spot. On the recommendation of Sir Robert Biddulph, Lord Salisbury appointed Captain Wauchope for this somewhat difficult duty, and he and Sir Robert returned to Cyprus together in November of the same year. In his official capacity Wauchope explored the whole of Cyprus, making full inquiries wherever he went as to the properties alleged to belong to the Sultan, and gathering much information as to the condition of the people in the rural districts, and the state of agriculture generally.

'The investigation of the Sultan's claims,' says Sir Robert Biddulph, 'occupied several months, during which time Captain Wauchope again displayed great tact and judgment in this very delicate matter, and maintained at the same time very friendly relations with the Turkish officer who was sent by the Sultan to support his claims. This was the more remarkable, because every one of the Sultan's claims was rejected.'

The Government recognised the thoroughness with which Captain Wauchope had accomplished his task, by conferring upon him, immediately on his return home in August 1880, the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

CHAPTER V

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—ARABI PASHA'S REBELLION IN EGYPT—TEL-EL-KEBIR—MARRIAGE—LIFE IN CAIRO.

SHORTLY after Captain Wauchope's return home from Cyprus another opportunity for foreign service presented itself in South Africa, and he lost no time in offering himself to the War Office. He was accepted for staff duty, and received a commission to go out at once. So limited was the time given him for preparation that he had not even an opportunity to go to Aldershot, where his baggage was lying, to make up his kit, but he telegraphed from London to the quartermaster of the regiment—Captain Forbes—to throw him in a small kit into a bullock-trunk and forward it to Southampton at once, as he was off to South Africa next day.

The country had drifted almost unconsciously into a trouble which has since cost so much in loss of life and treasure. The South African Republic, or the Transvaal, was founded some sixty or seventy years ago by Boer farmers from Cape Colony, who, being dissatisfied with British rule and its interference with them and their peculiar notions as to slavery, sought to establish an independent state for themselves where they might without hindrance carry out their ideas as they pleased. They, in fact, sought liberty

to make the natives their slaves. Conflicts were, of course, the natural outcome of their attempts to acquire the land beyond the Vaal; but notwithstanding this, the new settlers in 1840 were so far established in possession, and their numbers had so much increased, that they formed themselves into a Republic for mutual protection. At that time the possibilities of the future importance of this part of South Africa, or indeed of our colonies there, were not sufficiently realised by either our Government or our people at home. Neither the Transvaal Republic nor the Boers seemed to be any concern of ours. It was left to a few Scotch missionaries such as Moffat, Livingstone, Stewart, and Mackenzie to make these known, and to endeavour to educate and civilise the degraded natives in the science of social life and in the truths of Christianity. In this effort they met from the first the virulent opposition of the Boer settlers, who neither wanted the natives to be educated nor to be Christianised.

Acts of oppression naturally brought their own retribution. The natives rose against their oppressors; feuds, murders, and thefts were acts of daily occurrence, until at last the infant Republic became so involved in native wars and internal troubles, that with a view to restore peace and order and to prevent anarchy and bankruptcy from spreading into Cape Colony, the British Government was constrained to interfere. In this intervention many of the Boers cordially acquiesced, and welcomed the protection of our troops, the more so that the financial difficulties of their independent action were in a measure cleared away. On the other hand there was a strong party among them who, in spite of mismanagement and debt, thought they could carry on a free Republican Government. The security of the British colonies was, however, of para-

mount importance, and it was deemed advisable in their interest as well as in the interest of the Transvaal Boers themselves that the Transvaal should have the benefit of British protection. Accordingly its annexation to the British Crown was in 1877 proclaimed by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, followed by the appointment of Sir W. Owen Lanyon as British Administrator. This necessary step by no means pleased the Boer faction who had attempted to rule, and they did not cease to agitate for the restoration of the old order of things, bad as these were. For a time English money and English enterprise worked wonders: markets were created for produce, and land rose in value.

In December 1880, however, a majority of the Boers took up arms against the British authority. They invested towns held by Imperial troops, and surprised a detachment on the march. The situation was becoming critical. The Government, which at the time was deeply engrossed in other matters, did not sufficiently realise the gravity of the situation, for although troops were at once despatched to the assistance of those at the Cape, these were insufficient, and arrived too late to be of service. The Boers, ever on the alert, had seized the passes of the Drakensberg Mountains, and had strongly fortified themselves at Laing's Nek. Here they were attacked by Sir G. P. Colley, but without success. He was defeated with considerable loss, and shortly afterwards, attempting to check the enemy at Majuba Hill with a small force of six hundred men, he was again defeated with loss and was himself killed in the action.

Immediately on receipt of this news Mr. Gladstone's Government gave instructions for an armistice in order to see if satisfactory terms could not be arranged for the

restoration of peace. After a month's negotiation a treaty was made giving the Transvaal self-government in internal matters, but reserving all rights connected with foreign affairs, Great Britain to be recognised as the Suzerain, including the right to move Imperial troops through the country in time of war.

This restoration of independence to the Boers was viewed both at home and in Cape Colony not only with grave suspicion and distrust, but with high indignation; and so strong was this feeling against the home Government that in a great popular demonstration at Cape Town the effigy of Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, was publicly burned, and the British lion was caricatured, while many English residents in Pretoria and other towns left the country rather than remain under the oligarchical government of the Boers. So ended this part of the Transvaal drama.

The action of the British Government was at the time attributed to various motives. By some it was considered the magnanimous action of a strong power, willing to help a weak but struggling state in its efforts at self-government; by others it has been described as a pusillanimous shrinking from a stern duty which it owed to its colonies around the Transvaal. President Brand declared the treaty to be 'in his opinion the noblest act England has ever done'; but the Boers themselves considered the peace as the result of their own efforts and of Britain's fear to prosecute the war. The after results have been most calamitous, and go to show the folly of not facing and overcoming the beginnings of a corrupt system.

Captain Wauchope returned on the conclusion of peace in the summer of 1881, having been only a few months abroad, and without engaging in active service. He was chiefly employed on the line of communication as one of

the staff. His return home was accompanied with anything but feelings of respect for the Government which had so ingloriously stopped short in their work—a feeling very generally shared by the officers and men. Some years afterwards, when alluding to this episode in his life at a meeting in Edinburgh, he said of it:—'I was in the Transvaal during those terrible times in 1881 when we suffered the terrible disgrace from which all our after-troubles there arose. It was the vacillation and weakness and change of policy that caused all the trouble then.'

But while in one part of Africa a temporary peace had been patched up, in another part of that great continent, and that the most ancient, events were in the beginning of 1882 hastening to a rupture which was destined to open up a fresh field for the active military genius of young Wauchope. Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, and in some respects the cradle of European culture, which had long been oppressed by Turkish tyranny, was showing signs of vitality, and was recognised as still a country capable of great resources, and having considerable commercial importance. The opening of the Suez Canal had much to do with this; and Britain having a large stake in the Canal as a means of communication with her Eastern possessions, was naturally interested in the well-being of the country through which it passed. Nominally a viceroy of the Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive of Egypt ruled despotically, and did little for the people he ruled. Discontent was general; and to screen themselves, those in authority endeavoured to create a feeling of antipathy against the Europeans residing and trading in Egypt. A party of military adventurers, headed by Arabi Pasha, and secretly abetted by the Sultan of Turkey, had seized the reins of government, and endeavoured, with the aid of the army,

to drive all Europeans out of Egypt, and secure the control of foreign traffic through the Suez Canal to their own advantage. Arabi commenced the erection of forts at Alexandria, to command the harbour. This and other warlike preparations were made in defiance, it was said, of the authority of the Khedive, who was merely a puppet in Arabi's hands.

On the 11th June 1882 a large body of Arabs made a murderous attack on the European residents in Alexandria, and so serious was the matter considered that a week or two after, the Ambassadors of the Great Powers met in conference at Constantinople to take the crisis under review. As no redress was forthcoming, Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, commander of the British fleet in Egyptian waters, having ascertained that work on the new fortifications at Alexandria was being continued, notwithstanding promises made that all such operations would be suspended, sent to Arabi Pasha, who was nominally the Egyptian minister of war, an ultimatum that unless the work ceased immediately the fleet would open fire upon the forts. The reply was a denial that any such work was being carried on. Three days afterwards the Admiral discovered that his ultimatum was treated with contempt, and that guns bearing upon the harbour had been mounted since the date of his message. He at once prepared a proclamation calling upon the Egyptian authorities to surrender the fortifications within twelve hours, otherwise they would be demolished by the fleet. On the 11th July the bombardment commenced, and nearly the whole of the fortifications were soon laid in ruins. Next day hostilities were resumed, but, on a flag of truce being hoisted, the Admiral ordered firing to cease. On the morning of the 13th it was found that, under cover of the flag of truce,

the Egyptian troops, headed by Arabi Pasha, had evacuated Alexandria, leaving it to be pillaged and fired by a riotous mob of Arabs, who massacred a large number of Europeans. To protect life, and save the place from total destruction, Admiral Seymour landed a force of seamen and marines, who kept the city in order until the arrival of British troops a few days afterwards.

In the course of the following fortnight a force of about 16,000 occupied Alexandria, Ramleh, and the delta of the Nile, under the command of Sir Garnet Wolseley. Meantime Arabi Pasha had occupied Cairo, which was strongly fortified, while he had formidable entrenched camps some miles south of Ramleh, and also at Port Said and Ismailia on the Suez Canal, and at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, on the sweet-water canal route between Ismailia and Cairo.

Throughout the whole business the authority of the Khedive was not only ignored, but remonstrances from foreign powers were of no effect. Arabi was determined to make himself ruler of Egypt, and to assert his position by force of arms. His formal dismissal as Minister of War, on 22nd July, was the last weak attempt by the Khedive to maintain his sovereign authority. But Arabi paid no attention to it, and continued his warlike preparations. His position at Kafr-dawar was strategically a strong one, for he was entrenched there at a point where the isthmus, running inland between Lake Medieh and Lake Mareotis, is only about four miles broad. He thus commanded both the Mahmoudieh Canal and the railway to Cairo, which ran past his camp. Arabi's intention was to hold his own at this position till the annual rise of the Nile was at its fullest in August, when he counted upon being able to flood the country, and seriously impede hostile operations against him.

The rising had now assumed all the character of an organised rebellion, and was a standing menace to British commerce passing through the Suez Canal; and as the crisis came to be more clearly realised in this country, further relays of troops were despatched. In the subsequent operations against Arabi the Black Watch took a prominent part. After its return from Cyprus and Gibraltar in 1879, the regiment was brigaded for a time at Aldershot. It was then located partly at Maryhill barracks, near Glasgow, and at Edinburgh Castle, under the command of Colonel R. K. Bayly. Captain Wauchope served at Maryhill from May 1881 till August 1882.

On the outbreak of hostilities in Egypt the regiment, which was then about 800 strong, received orders to embark for the East. The Maryhill contingent, in which he commanded the E Company, left by train for Edinburgh on the 4th August 1882, and arrived in the capital amidst much enthusiasm. After two days in Edinburgh Castle, the whole regiment was entrained for London on the 6th August, their send-off from the city being one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed. Wauchope himself, ten years afterwards, at a meeting of the old members of the Black Watch in Glasgow, when he had become Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, said 'he would never forget the scene.' 'He had of late,' he said, 'seen great excitement in the political world, he had seen political leaders received in Edinburgh (referring to Mr. Gladstone and the Midlothian election of 1892), and no doubt at times there had been a pretty brave show, but the people's heart never went out to these leaders as it went out to the 42nd when they were leaving Edinburgh Castle for active service in Egypt in 1882. It seemed to him as if every man and woman in Edinburgh was out to see

them off. He would never forget that scene of enthusiasm and farewell, and he felt convinced that it affected the whole regiment, more than the eye could see or words could express. On the lips of many a brave man before that campaign was over, the last words had been "Scotland for ever," and he had no doubt their last thoughts were of their homes and native country.'

Having embarked at Gravesend in the transport *Nepaul*, Wauchope, with his regiment, landed at Alexandria on the 20th August, and proceeded to Ramleh, where they formed a part of the Highland Brigade under General Sir Archibald Alison. Here Wauchope very soon found his field of action in more than one engagement, and had one or two hairbreadth escapes. On one occasion a body of the rebels held a portion of the city, from which they were to be dislodged. Wauchope got the order to clear the streets. Coming to a house, from every window of which rifles were pointed, he halted his men, but only for a moment. Sword in hand, the captain rushed in, followed by his men. A rifle was pointed full at him, and but for the presence of mind of one of his followers, it would have ended his career. Dashing in front of his officer, the soldier threw up the rebel's rifle just as he fired, the bullet passing through Wauchope's helmet.

The occupation of the Canal and the various ports upon its banks were important steps in Sir Garnet Wolseley's endeavour to secure Zagazig, some forty-five miles from Ismailia, the key to the railway system of Egypt. Arabi had also realised its importance, and in order to retain it at all hazards and to prevent the British advance in that direction, had strongly fortified himself at Tel-el-Kebir, about fifteen miles eastward.

On the 20th August, Port Said, Kantara, Ismailia, and

the Suez Canal were taken possession of by the British. A few days after, a determined stand was made by the Egyptian army, about 10,000 strong, a few miles from Ismailia, but they were utterly defeated by Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was now reinforced by the Highland Brigade.

This was followed up by a renewed attack on the British position at Kassassin Lock on the Ismailia Canal three days later, when the Egyptians were again repulsed with great loss.

On the evening of the 12th September, the British army at Kassassin Lock struck camp. It had been well reinforced, and counted 15,000 men in cavalry, infantry, and artillery, and was now in a position to attack Arabi in his stronghold at Tel-el-Kebir. On the verge of a broad, dreary desert, with lines of entrenchments and redoubts well mounted with guns, and held by a large force, no better position, it is said, could have been chosen for offering resistance to any army approaching the Delta, or the capital of Egypt, from the Suez Canal.

After an all-night march, Sir Garnet Wolseley found himself within striking distance of the enemy's trenches before the first streaks of dawn appeared on the eastern sky. The Egyptians were taken by surprise, but the alarm once given, they sprang to their feet to face the attack; and immediately, along the whole front of their line of defence, was poured upon our troops a fierce artillery and rifle fire, which, however, was so ill directed that it did no great harm. With the utmost coolness, the British were formed for the assault. The Highland Brigade in the centre, with bayonets fixed, was supported by cavalry on both flanks With a loud cheer the Highlanders stormed the entrenchments, driving everything before them. The struggle was

short but decisive, not more than twenty minutes elapsing between the first onset on the trenches and the capture of the main or inner fortress. The odds were as two to one —26,000 Egyptians to 13,000 British—but the zeal and soldierly qualities of our men, with the confidence they had in their leaders, proved the mettle of which our military are made. Where all did well, it seems invidious to distinguish. But of this fine force—perhaps the finest ever seen in Egypt—it was generally admitted that to the Highland Brigade and the Royal Irish Rifles special honour was due. This important engagement, in which forty guns were captured, 2000 Egyptians fell, and 3000 were taken prisoners, opened the way to Cairo.

Through all the campaign, Captain Wauchope, with the E Company of the 42nd, had bravely borne his share of the toil and dangers of the situation. At Tel-el-Kebir, he was among the first to enter the enemy's trenches sword in hand. The encounter was a fierce one while it lasted, and it was a marvel how he escaped injury in such a mêlée. But though the impetuosity of the charge bore down all before it, when the fight was over, it was found that no less than 200 of his men had fallen.

Wauchope's first care was to see that the wounded were attended to, for his interest in his men was ever uppermost in his mind. He liked to treat them as brothers as well as subordinates, sharing with them the roughest work and the greatest dangers; and now particularly, when many of them were bruised and bleeding, he had all a woman's sympathy, and did his best to alleviate their sufferings. He went carefully over the ground after the battle, searching out from among the dead such of his men who might be alive, relieving some with a draught of water from his bottle, and seeing that they were removed to shelter, where they could

be surgically attended to; in some cases, tenderly helping to carry them himself off the field. Such scenes always filled him with sadness, as they did the heart of Wellington, who was wont to say: 'Take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.' The horrors of war make most brave natures shudder.

Immediately after the capture of Arabi's camp at Tel-el-Kebir, at the next halting-stage in the army's progress to Cairo, the 42nd was marched into the square of a cavalry barracks to wait for a train being made to enable them to follow the retreating enemy to Zagazig—an important railway junction on the way. They were in very rough quarters, but were glad to get any sort of shelter from the scorching sun. One of the staff-sergeants, wearied out and oppressed with heat, stumbled into a room which, unknown to him, happened to be occupied by Captain Wauchope and his subordinate officer, Lieutenant Duff. 'As I attempted to withdraw—for I had entered not knowing they were there'—said the sergeant, describing the occurrence, 'Captain Wauchope at once called out in a kindly voice, "Come in, Pinkney, come in and sit down, you have as much right to be here as we have."'

But though this was so, Pinkney, who was not one of his men, did not fare so well on another occasion when his presence stood in the way of the convenience of the men of his company, Captain Wauchope having then no hesitation in leaving him to shift for himself. We give the story in the sergeant's own words:—'Shortly after this, we were marched down to the railway and literally packed into trucks. I being a staff-sergeant, and in a sense "nobody's child," crawled into one marked E. It was Wauchope's, and as all his men could not find room, I was ignominiously

ordered out by the same gallant gentleman! We were very good friends, but as I did not belong to his company, he could not allow me to interfere with their comfort!'

Sergeant Pinkney also relates an incident of the same day illustrating Wauchope's thoughts on the inhumanity of war. 'We were all sitting together on the mud floor of the room where we were sheltering, discussing the events of the morning. "Andy," as we all loved to call our captain, had not, for a wonder, been wounded, but a Remington bullet through the scabbard of his sword had bent it nearly double, so that he could not return the weapon. Another bullet through his helmet had disarranged the pugaree and heckle, of which he was so proud. He drew my attention as armourer to the condition of his scabbard, and I took it into my hand and broke it across my knee, so that he could sheath his sword, though some eight inches of the blood-stained blade were exposed. While I was next adjusting his pugaree, he suddenly exclaimed, "I say, Duff, what brutes we men are." We were silent for a minute, and then seeing our surprised look, as we stopped our work, he continued, "Do you know, I felt this morning just as if I was on the moors, and for a while I was quite as anxious to make a good bag; man, Duff, we are terrible brutes, after all!"'

The same day Wauchope's regiment proceeded to within a few miles of Zagazig, reaching that place in the morning of the 14th September. Here they seized the railway stock, and went on to Belbeis, an important junction on the edge of the desert. There they remained under the utmost discomfort, without tents and without equipage, until the 23rd September, when they moved forward to Ghezireh, near to Cairo, and were again quartered with the Highland Brigade, under Lieut.-General Sir E. Hamley.

The subsequent occupation of Cairo, the arrest and banishment of Arabi Pasha, and the restoration of the Khedive under British protection, are matters of history. The war was closed, but still much required to be done to restore order and peace, and so the expeditionary force became an army of occupation.

Captain Wauchope, after a few weeks' encampment at Ghezireh, on the west bank of the Nile, was moved with his regiment into Kass-el-Nil barracks, where they were to be quartered for the winter. A time of peace succeeded a time of sharp fighting. But whether fighting or at peace, Wauchope gave himself no rest. His military duties might be heavy enough, but his self-imposed exertions in looking after the wounded and the sick were varied by efforts to find amusement and recreation for those who were well.

For his services in this campaign, Captain Wauchope received the medal with clasp, and the Khedive's Star, as the public recognition of the British and Egyptian Governments.

His stay in Egypt was unexpectedly interrupted by the somewhat sudden death of his elder brother, Major William Wauchope of Niddrie, on the 28th November 1882. Having got leave of absence, he at once returned home to Scotland to look after the settlement of family affairs and the future management of the estates.

The death of his brother without issue made a considerable change in his position, and when he arrived at Niddrie early in December, he was welcomed as the new laird with every expression of goodwill. Though he had been little about the old place for years, the tenants and servants had warm recollections of 'Andy' as a good, kind, genial soul, and they all hoped that he might now

return to occupy the ancestral home, and settle down among 'his ain folk.'

As a pledge that such a consummation might be looked for in the near future, and taking advantage of his casual visit home, he was married on the 9th of December to Miss Elythea Ruth Erskine, second daughter of Sir Thomas Erskine of Cambo, Fife, to whom he had for some time been engaged.

The wedding had been arranged to be celebrated at Cambo in a quiet way, as our informant said, 'without any fuss'; but though this was so, Captain Wauchope found to some extent the adage verified, that 'the course of true love never did run smooth.' In arranging for his marriage in the stormy month of December, he did not at all events lay his account with the elements. These did their best to frustrate the happy event.

Cambo is situated two or three miles distant from Fife Ness, the extreme eastern point of the county of Fife. It is now easily accessible by the railway skirting the northern shore of the Firth of Forth, connecting Thornton Junction and St. Andrews, by way of Anstruther and Crail. But at that time the railway was not completed further than Anstruther on the one side and St. Andrews on the other, and Cambo was about eight or nine miles from either place. Starting from Edinburgh on the morning of the day fixed for the wedding, Captain Wauchope should easily have arrived at Cambo in the forenoon, but a protracted snowstorm of several days had completely blocked railways and roads. Thinking he would be more likely to get a conveyance to carry him to his destination if he went by St. Andrews, he took that instead of the route to Anstruther; but on arriving at that ancient city, he was chagrined to find that the roads were so completely

blocked with snow that no one would venture the journey for him. Taking his luggage to the Royal Hotel, he tried all his persuasive powers with Mr. Davidson, the genial host, to get a carriage, or even a dogcart, ready for him without delay. But the storm still raged, and he was told that the roads were quite impassable either for driving or riding, and he would require to remain where he was for the night. 'But,' said the would-be and now desperate Benedict, 'I *must* get to Cambo, as I am to be married to-night.' The hotelkeeper assured him that in the circumstances it was impossible, but promised to do the best he could for him the next morning if the weather moderated. At length, convinced that nothing more could be done, the disappointed swain was obliged to bow to the inevitable, and eat his solitary dinner with what resignation he could command. It was a severe trial of patience, but there was nothing else for it, and so he remained overnight in the friendly shelter of the 'Royal,' in the hope that he might get release the following day. Sir Thomas Erskine, meanwhile, expecting the bridegroom to come by way of Anstruther, where the roads happened not to be so badly blocked, had sent a carriage with the young bride to meet him there. But no Wauchope appeared, and the young lady had to return home without tidings of her lover. The disappointment of all may be better imagined than described, and the wedding was of course postponed *sine die*. The following morning the storm had somewhat abated, but the snow-drift still lay deep on the roads, making them quite impassable for wheeled vehicles. Davidson, true to his word, however, gave him the best horse in his stable, repacked his luggage in carpet-bags slung across the back of another, and with a groom in attendance Wauchope courageously faced the elements to

meet his bride. It was a toilsome business, and not without danger. At Browhill, some two miles from St. Andrews, the block was so deep that they were compelled to make a detour, or 'a flank movement,' as he afterwards described it, across the fields, but in doing so they came to grief. The horse which Wauchope rode stumbled and fell through the accumulated snow into a deep ditch, where it was well-nigh smothered, and the combined efforts of Wauchope and groom utterly failed to extricate the poor animal. At length assistance was procured, a number of farm servants from the neighbourhood giving willing help, and after a good deal of exertion it was at length got out, while the groom, wiping the perspiration from his brow, declared, 'This is terrible work, captain; it's worse than Egypt yet!' The remainder of the nine-mile journey was completed in safety. Love had triumphed. A warm welcome greeted the belated bridegroom at Cambo, and though 'one day after date,' the marriage cheque was duly honoured!

The hopes of his friends at home that he might now give up active service, and become a local county magnate, were not, however, to be realised. Captain Wauchope, accompanied by his young wife, returned to Egypt a few weeks after their marriage, to take up his military duties with the Black Watch; and there, in the quaint old Oriental city of Cairo, they spent together the first and, alas, the last year of their married life.

Perhaps no other town under the sun has so many different characteristics as Cairo, and certainly few places afford such strong contrasts. It is at one and the same time an official capital, a city of immemorial antiquity, a garrison town, a health resort, an Oriental centre, and the Paris of the Dark Continent. Half the hidden charm of

Cairo and its surroundings, it has been said, consists of the strongly incongruous sights that meet an observant eye: the modern woman leaning on her bicycle, and steadfastly looking at the unchanging eyes of the Sphinx, or a laughing party of officers and Americans in the shadow of the Great Pyramid, or among the tombs of the caliphs, its Oriental bazaar crowded with British soldiers and sailors: an old world and a new. Chief among the attractions of Cairo is its climate, combining almost continuous sunshine, comparative warmth, and an air of pure and tonic qualities.

Mrs. Wauchope resided during these months at the Grand Hotel, within comparatively easy distance of Kass-el-Nil barracks, where the captain's daily duties lay, and amid new surroundings found much to interest her, while she materially helped him in his work among the men of his regiment.

Unfortunately, though the climate as a rule is excellent during the greater part of the year, sanitary arrangements and modes of living were not then, whatever they may be now, such as to prevent the evils to which most Eastern cities are subject. Cholera, one of the scourges of the East, broke out in Cairo among the Copts in the summer of 1883, and, spreading among the better classes of society, even found its way among the British soldiers. Their removal from Cairo for a time was considered absolutely necessary; but before this could be effected, the Black Watch had suffered considerably from the epidemic. As soon as possible, however, cholera-camps were formed at Suez in July, where the greater part of the regiment remained till the beginning of September. During this time Captain Wauchope, with the rank of brigade-major, was left in charge of the Kass-el-Nil

barracks with a small detachment; and surrounded as they were with an epidemic which was then cutting down hundreds of poor natives, without adequate means of relieving the distress, he was much moved by what he saw, and did his utmost to help. His first care was of course for the soldiers under his command. They did not altogether escape, and in a number of cases that occurred he was assiduous in his attention. Regardless of danger to himself, he would go back and forward between the hospital and the barracks, giving all the comfort and material assistance that were required.

But it was not merely in his co-operation with medical men and nurses that Wauchope's aid was given: he was a valued co-worker with the chaplain, assisting him in visiting and addressing meetings. The Rev. John Mactaggart, who was then acting with the 42nd in Egypt, says, 'He was always ready to aid me, and willingly responded to any reasonable request for money on behalf of the men, such as in helping to defray expenses incurred in holding social, temperance, or religious meetings.' 'I remember,' he continues, 'in the summer of 1883, the cholera, after raging for weeks among the native population, attacked the British troops. As a precautionary measure, these were dispersed and located at considerable distances from Cairo, the Black Watch being sent to the brackish lake near Suez. Captain Wauchope's sympathetic nature was deeply stirred by the many sad sights around him in Cairo, where he remained through it all with a small company of the regiment. Two of his men were stricken down, one immediately after the other, with the fell disease, and not being able myself to attend to them at once, he was full of anxiety about them, and could not rest till he got me to see them at the barracks, quite heedless of danger to himself.'

To many a poor fellow he was throughout all this trying time a friend indeed, counselling, helping, and encouraging wherever he had the opportunity.

At the evening voluntary meetings in the barracks, too, he frequently took a part with the chaplain in the religious services. His consistent manly conduct and the quiet, unobtrusive profession of his faith at this time, not only endeared him to many, but gave him a wonderful influence for good which it is difficult fully to estimate.

Every one has his own characteristic: Wauchope's was consideration for his men. 'Years ago,' says a friend, 'I was in the street in Cairo with him, when there approached us a bareheaded Highlander, running for his life, and pursued by a crowd of Arabs armed with sticks. Captain Wauchope halted the fugitive, turned about, ordered him to fall in in front, and thus we marched to the barracks, the mob howling behind. The Captain handed the man over to the sergeant of the guard, and notified his intention of giving evidence in the orderly-room next morning. A few days later I was to meet the Captain at the club and take a drive with him. On arrival there, I found a note directing me to come to the hospital. The orderly led me to a ward, but I could see no Captain. I interviewed the orderly again, and he told me to go to the far end and I would find him. There, on the bed of his colour-sergeant, retailing the day's news, sat the officer commanding his company. On my approach, with a cheery adieu and a promise to come back again on the morrow, Wauchope rose and went for his drive.'

Captain and Mrs. Wauchope left Cairo in November 1883, where they had been witness to so much trouble, to come home to England, taking up their residence at Niddrie for six weeks, and afterwards going to Cambo on

a visit. Towards the end of January they proceeded to London, where Mrs. Wauchope gave birth to twins—both boys. The joy of this event was, however, speedily followed a few days after, on the 3rd February, by the death of Mrs. Wauchope.

It was a terrible blow to the Captain, and though he bowed submissively to the will of God, he none the less felt his loss keenly, and for a time was inconsolable.

The children were taken to Cambo, where, under the charge of Lady Erskine, they were tenderly nursed and cared for, while Wauchope himself sought in renewed activity to forget, if possible, the misery of his bereavement.

CHAPTER VI

THE EASTERN SOUDAN—BATTLE OF EL-TEB—ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE GENERAL GORDON—ASCENT OF THE NILE—THE WHALE-BOATS—BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN—RETURN TO CAIRO—MALTA—GIBRALTAR.

THOUGH peace had been restored to Egypt by our arms, and security of life and property was being established and upheld by the presence in the country of the army of occupation, new troubles were brewing in the upper waters of the Nile. General Gordon, as the representative of the Khedive in the far-away capital of the Soudan province of Upper Egypt, was endeavouring to maintain law and order in the midst of turbulent tribes of wild Arabs. Disaffection and rebellion against Egyptian authority broke out on all sides, and the first murmurings were heard of a new power emerging out of the African darkness, threatening to overwhelm and sweep before its fanatical sword every evidence of modern civilisation. The rise of the Mahdi as a religious and political force was one of the most extraordinary movements of modern times, and can only find a parallel in that of Mohammed himself, whose follower the Mahdi or Prophet of God professed to be. With a success at first truly marvellous, he managed so to impress his claims to sanctity upon the Arab tribes of the Soudan, that they flocked to his standard in thousands.

Cleverly seizing the occasion of discontent at excessive taxation and the destruction of the slave trade, which, under European influence, the Egyptian government had attempted, the Mahdi el Muntazer raised the cry of revolt, and openly proclaimed himself, by the grace of God and his Prophet, master of the country. His fanatical pretensions, carrying the weight of religious sanctity, bore down all opposition for a time. General Gordon was sent to stem the torrent, and reaching Khartoum on the 18th of February 1884, bravely held it against overwhelming numbers for eleven months.

The British authorities who were responsible for Gordon's appointment, but who were unfortunately not equally alive to the danger of his position, resolved at length upon an expedition for his relief, to proceed by the Red Sea to the port of Suakim to operate in the Eastern Soudan, between the sea and the River Nile, where a number of Egyptian garrisons were being threatened by the rebellious tribes under Osman Digna. British troops in and about Cairo, Alexandria, and other stations were at once despatched under the command of Sir Gerald Graham to quell the disturbance. Wauchope, who had received the appointment from Lord Wolseley of Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General to the expedition, left England on short notice, and, accompanied by Sir Redvers Buller, arrived in the Red Sea towards the end of February, in time to take his share in active operations against the enemy, who were strongly fortified and in possession of Tokar.

The expeditionary force was landed at Trinkitat, a port on the Red Sea, some miles south of Suakim, and Tokar being inland, a long and fatiguing march had to be undertaken to reach it. When half-way they encountered

the Arabs in a strongly entrenched position in the desert at the wells of El-Teb, and here, on the 29th February, a fierce conflict took place, the Arabs fighting with great determination. The Black Watch and the York and Lancashire Regiment took a prominent part in the battle, and suffered severely. To the former fell the main attack on the right and centre of the enemy's position, where their chief strength lay, protected as it was by skilfully constructed rifle-pits, defended by resolute men, ready to die rather than yield.

Captain Wauchope escaped with his life as by a miracle. Being on horseback, charging the enemy's guns, he was a prominent figure in the fight, and was unfortunately struck down by a musket-shot, which entered the lower part of his body. He was only saved from instant death by the friendly intervention of his binoculars, which were hanging by his side, the bullet striking the glass and smashing it to pieces. He was carried off the field, and at once attended to. But the wound was of such a serious nature that little hope was entertained of his recovery. The battle over, and the Arabs completely routed, the British force proceeded on their way to Tokar without further opposition, and relieved the small garrison there. Wauchope and the other wounded men were taken back to Trinkitat and put on board ship for Suez.

When sufficiently recovered to be able to be removed from the hospital, he rejoined the Black Watch at Cairo in the month of April. The binoculars which, it may be said, saved his life at El-Teb have been carefully preserved, and may now be seen in their shattered condition among other relics and war trophies in Niddrie House.

For his gallant conduct at the battle of El-Teb, Wauchope received a favourable mention in General

Graham's despatches, which procured for him the medal and two clasps, and what was perhaps of more importance, the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

He suffered long and severely from the wound he had received, but he was much benefited in health by a visit which he made to his old friend Sir Robert Biddulph at Mount Troodos in Cyprus during the summer of that year.

In the autumn came further rumours from the Soudan of the rising power of the Mahdi, and the danger with which General Gordon was threatened of being overwhelmed in the capture of Khartoum. It was now resolved that active and immediate steps should be taken in order if possible to relieve him, notwithstanding that the distance was great, and the road perilous, and to a great extent unknown. The Black Watch was called upon once more to undertake this difficult task, and officers and men responded to the call with enthusiastic delight. The regiment at Cairo numbered about 700, and at an inspection there by General Sir Garnet Wolseley on 16th September, he complimented Colonel Bayly and the officers and men under him on the highly efficient state in which they then were, and the pride with which the people of England had followed them in the gallant upholding of 'the honour of their splendid and historic regiment.' 'I do not think,' he continued, 'there will be much fighting in the coming campaign, but there will be very hard work, and I shall want you to show that you can work hard as well as fight. If there is any fighting to be done, I know that I have only to call on the Black Watch, and you will behave as you have always done.'

The sequel proved this to be a true forecast. The expedition was beset with difficulties from first to last, and the

labour involved was enormous—the pity of it being, that after all, the result was not commensurate with the cost, and was altogether disappointing. With Cairo as their starting-point and Khartoum as their goal, the intervening space of over fifteen hundred miles, with its sandy plains, its waste howling wilderness, held by hostile tribes of Arabs, had to be covered by our troops. This was a work of no ordinary kind, and involved not only skill in planning, but persevering toil in execution, which tried to the utmost the stuff our soldiers are made of. The Black Watch, led by such men as Colonels Green, Bayly, Kidston, Coveny, Eden, and Wauchope were a host in themselves, and abundantly justified the confidence reposed in them by the commander-in-chief. The expedition started on 5th October by rail to Assouan, where they hoped immediately to begin the ascent of the Nile by steamers and barges. Unfortunately, one or two cases of smallpox here broke out among the men of the 42nd, and the regiment was compelled to go into quarantine for four weeks. They pitched their camp within a palm-grove close to Assouan on the banks of the Nile, and the tedium of enforced idleness was relieved by preparation for the arduous task before them. Colonel Wauchope energetically exerted himself during these weeks, and in the off hours of drill encouraged the men not only in out-door sports of all kinds, but was active in getting up theatrical and other entertainments for their amusement. In this way the time passed pleasantly until the regiment was released from quarantine on 12th November, when the real forward movement for the relief of General Gordon commenced, so far as the Black Watch was concerned. Embarking at Philae, famed for its ancient island temple, in steamers and barges, the voyage of two hundred and

fifty miles was safely accomplished to Wady Halfa, after which, avoiding the second cataract of the Nile, the journey to Sarras was made overland. Here there was considerable detention waiting the arrival of a large flotilla of 800 whale boats—which had been commissioned from England by Lord Wolseley for transporting the troops up the river. Regiment after regiment were here embarked to fight the cataracts, the rapids, and the shallows of the mysterious river whose source had for ages been hidden in the dark recesses of the African Continent. Surely no stranger or more gigantic armed force ever floated on its waters either before or since the days of Egypt's ancient greatness!

As it was, the British soldier—'capable of going anywhere and doing anything'—had for the nonce to convert himself into a boatman; and that he had much to learn in this capacity may be gathered from one of the jokes familiar to the expeditionary force, to the effect that one day a man at the helm, on receiving the order 'put your helm down,' immediately proceeded to place the tiller in the bottom of the boat, and innocently awaited further orders! The boats provided were about thirty feet long, seven feet beam, and with a draught of two and a half feet. As the boats were destined each to be self-supporting, they had, when finally loaded, supplies of ammunition, ordnance, and commissariat stores for fourteen men for one hundred days. But it was not unusual for the boats to be carrying practically one hundred and twenty days' rations and other stores, and reserve ammunition for fourteen men, with a crew of eight men in each boat. Great caution and skill were necessary in an expedition so full of novelty and danger, and if accidents did happen, it is no matter of surprise,

considering that it was through an almost entirely unknown country and among hostile tribes their course lay. With a falling river, too, the dangers and difficulties were increased, for boats were frequently striking sunken rocks, and springing leaks, which necessitated their being hauled up on the river bank, unloaded of their tons of stores, and then repaired by the soldiers themselves, for there was no one else to do it. In some places there was barely room for a loaded camel to pass between the perpendicular rocks; in others, where the path was wider, the rocks had been prepared for defence by loop-holed stone sconces. There was no order or regularity in the formation of the rocks. 'They seemed,' said one eye-witness, 'to have been upheaved in a mass, in some great volcanic convulsion, and to have fallen one upon another in every direction.'

Throughout this remarkable voyage Colonel Wauchope's early naval experience stood him in good stead. Having the command of the E company of the Black Watch he had charge of sixteen boats, with ten men in each. He divided the company into two parts so that each section might have free scope, and collisions be avoided; and, thanks to his ever watchful eye and naval skill, the soldiers in the boats speedily became expert sailors. From the Rev. Mr. Mactaggart, who accompanied the expedition at the special desire of Colonel Wauchope, and was in his company, we give the following narrative. 'According to Lord Wolseley's orders, each boat was to have been provided with one or two Canadian steersmen, but in some way it was found impossible to get this, and after two days' delay we succeeded in getting away with one Canadian in every second boat—eight men instead of thirty-two; much therefore depended on Wauchope him-

self. Before starting on several occasions, I remember he had all of us assembled on the river-side, and gave out minute instructions theoretically and practically how to enter the boat, how to sit on the bench, how to handle the oar, and how to splice a rope. His instructions were always much needed and most excellent. Then as to loading and unloading, he would demonstrate how this could most easily be done, and with least danger. He was careful to emphasise his caution as to managing the boats in the strong eddies and currents of the stream, and above all to avoid racing or endeavouring to get ahead of each other. With a vein of humour in his voice, and yet meant as a serious joke, he would say—"Mind you, my men, no Derby racing!" On one occasion, in pulling the boats over a strong current, two boats' crews were necessary to get one at a time over it, but through some hitch one of these with its contents would have been irretrievably lost but for his opportune energy and pluck. The men, exhausted with the heavy strain upon them, slackened the rope, and in a moment the boat had turned and was being carried back. Wauchope at once seized the rope, and held on to it tenaciously, though drawn in among the rocks at the edge of the rapid, and had his hands very much lacerated for his pains.'

Many incidents—some amusing and some serious enough—occurred in these daily battles with the river; but Wauchope was ever in the thick of it if a difficulty occurred; and while as commander he was prompt in giving his orders, he was never above giving his men a helping hand when needed. 'It was during our toilsome ascent of the third and fourth cataracts,' says another comrade of the expedition, 'a staff officer was detailed in charge of different districts up the banks, whose duty

it was to guide and instruct the boats in their passage up the rapids, or, as the men put it, "to worry and irritate the troops." On one occasion Colonel Wauchope's boat was in trouble, and the staff officer was shouting any amount of advice gratis from the bank. Thinking apparently that enough notice was not being taken of his instructions, he called out, "You No. 2 boat there, do you know who I am? I am Colonel Primrose of the Guards." This immediately drew the following answer from a wild-looking, red-headed, and half-naked worker in the boat, "And do you know who *I* am, sir? I am Colonel Wauchope of the Black Watch, so honours are easy!"' Though otherwise kind to a fault, in the matter of discipline he was firm as a rock in adhering strictly to orders. Indeed at this juncture he was invaluable to the regiment, for he acted at the same time both as president of the canteen and mess; and as one of his brother officers informs us, 'it was only through his continual forethought that we were able to obtain supplies for our daily wants.' 'A favourite dinner on the Nile,' says one of his men, 'which was looked upon as a great luxury, was one pound of bacon per man, in place of the usual tinned meat, as by dint of self-denial a bit of it might be saved for breakfast next morning. This was served out by the captain, and great was the consternation one day in the drum-major's boat when the cook fell overboard with the boat's rations in his hand. The man was secured, but the bacon went to the crocodiles. The matter being reported to Colonel Wauchope, it was hoped the rations might be replaced. But not having seen the accident, he was obdurate. The ration had been issued and could not be replaced, so the unfortunate boat's crew worked hard all that day on biscuit and tea only. Evening came, and tea was being made when word was passed

along the bank that the drum-major was wanted by Colonel Wauchope. Hope sprang up that he had relented at the eleventh hour; but no such luck. To his honour be it said, however, he divided his own pound of bacon with the drum-major that night, and it was his all, for officers and men fared alike at that time.' Still they knew their commander, and no grumble was heard. Though he might be strict, they all felt he had their interest at heart.

The rough work of fighting the cataracts was telling sorely upon uniforms and shoes, some of the men being actually in rags. They had proceeded as far as Ambu-Kui, and the necessity for having new boots was so pressing, Wauchope set out two or three miles inland to where there was a bazaar and bought for his men all the boots and shoes he could get. The old dervish from whom he purchased them assured him with all seriousness of their excellence, saying, 'Well now, oh ye faithful, if you buy them you can go straight to Paradise'—a recommendation of his goods which the colonel enjoyed immensely.

Struggling on from day to day in their toilsome up-river journey, one hope animated every breast, that the gallant general holding his own with defection and treachery among his native troops in Khartoum, and a fanatical horde of Arabs under the Mahdi outside its walls, would be able to hold out until the arrival of the British force on its way to relieve him. General Gordon was in a most critical position. The enemy being numerous, and ever increasing, hemmed him in on all sides, while famine was pressing him even more seriously within. It was a long road, and bravely Lord Wolseley encouraged his troops to renewed exertions. In the first week of January 1885 the leading companies of the 42nd Highlanders arrived at Korti, and on the 13th January the headquarters rowed into Hamdab with

fifty-four boats. By the 20th the whole regiment was once more together at Hamdab, and with the South Staffordshire, the 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, one squadron of the 19th Hussars, an Egyptian Camel Corps, and a section of the Engineers and Bluejackets, formed the Nile River Column, under Major-General Earle. Making a further advance, the difficult Edermih Cataract was surmounted on the 25th January, and the Kab-el-Abd Cataract two days after. But it was only by the daring skill of the Canadian voyageurs and the constant toil of the whole force that the boats were got successfully over, for now the currents of the river were getting more difficult to face. At the fourth or Birti Cataract they began to feel the enemy in stronger force, and at Kirbekan, some seven miles further on, the ground overlooking the Nile was found to be fortified with every determination to resist the passage of the boats. The troops were accordingly formed for battle, and the British line under General Earle advanced upon the entrenchments. Finding it impossible, however, to dislodge the Arabs by musketry fire alone, orders were given for the Black Watch to carry the position by the bayonet. The regiment responded gallantly to the order. The pipers struck up, and with a cheer the Black Watch rushed forward with a steadiness and valour that were irresistible, and which called forth the enthusiastic admiration of the general. From the loop-holed walls of the enemy the rifle puffs shot out continuously, but, undaunted by danger, the 42nd scaled the rocks, and at the point of the bayonet drove them from their shelter.

Colonel Bayly of the 42nd, who commanded the left-half battalion, has favoured us with the following account

of Wauchope's intrepid daring in this action. 'Kirbekan,' he says, 'was one of the last fights at which I was present with him. He was in command of a company of my half battalion in the attack on the Arabs' position, a high, precipitous rocky range rising from the river's bank. We were fully engaged, when Wauchope, asking my leave, descended the precipitous bank of the river, then in full flood. Returning in a few minutes, he said he could take the company over the rocks, and with perhaps a little wading he could turn the flank of the kopje held by the enemy. This he did, and rolled the enemy up to their final stand, a roughly built stone shanty, where General Earle (who was in command) and Colonel Coveny met their deaths. And here Wauchope himself was badly wounded.' Meanwhile the cavalry had captured the enemy's camp, and the Staffordshire regiment had gallantly stormed the last remaining ridge. The battle of Kirbekan was won on the 11th February.

Wauchope was assisted down from among the high rocks by his friends Captain Stewart and Mr. Mactaggart, the chaplain, and had his wound attended to by Dr. Harvey and Dr. Flood. They found his shoulder very much shattered, and were of opinion that his arm would have to be amputated. He himself was apparently not conscious that he was dangerously wounded, and endeavoured to treat the matter lightly. Having persuaded the doctors to delay the operation till next day, we are told he seemed after a little to be more concerned about the condition of his brother officer, Lord Alexander Kennedy, who had also been severely wounded in the action, than about himself. After further consultation, to the great relief of Wauchope, it was determined to give him a chance of saving his arm. The wound was carefully and success-

fully dressed. This disablement, however, reduced him from the position of an active leader in the expedition to that of a mere spectator. He was quite laid aside for a time, and compelled to remain in one of the boats floating on the Nile—no pleasant experience for one of his active temperament.

Still keeping Khartoum, with its noble defender, in view, the expedition, though yet more than 450 miles from their destination, pushed on with vigour. Passing Hebbath, the scene of poor Colonel Stewart's murder by the chief of the Monassir tribe a few months before, thence to El Kab, where the current is very swift, the 215 boats of the force arrived at Huella, not far from Abu Ahmed, with its beautiful green sward on the banks of the river.

This was destined to be the furthest point to which the river expedition was to penetrate. Relief had arrived too late, for here the British force learned that the end had come in Khartoum, and that all their labour had been in vain. The city had been treacherously taken by the Mahdi, and General Gordon had been killed on the 25th January, or nearly a month before.

As the object of the expedition was said to be merely for the relief of Gordon with his Egyptian garrison, and the British Government had determined to abandon the Soudan entirely, there was nothing left for Lord Wolseley to do on the receipt of this sad intelligence but to retrace his steps. On the 13th February, Sir Redvers Buller, with the Desert Column, which had reached Gubat, evacuated that place; and, as the reason for the occupation of Berber by the River Column had practically ceased, orders were received commanding a halt. Ten days afterwards the flotilla commenced the return journey down the swift and

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broken waters of the Nile. It was an unfortunate end of an undecided policy which delayed the relief of the noble Gordon until it was too late. Had the Government taken up the matter earnestly some months earlier than they did, Lord Wolseley's expedition would not only have saved Gordon a tragic death and relieved Khartoum, but would then have crushed the power of the Madhi for ever. Thus would have been accomplished in 1885 a piece of work which, simply by being then neglected, had again to be taken up thirteen years afterwards, but which was brought then to a successful issue by the entire overthrow on 2nd September 1898 of the Mahdi's successor by General Sir Herbert Kitchener at Omdurman.

Wauchope all through this expedition had proved himself an invaluable pioneer in the rough and arduous work they had to encounter, and the many difficulties to be overcome. He was highly popular with all ranks from the Commander-in-Chief to the youngest drummer, for he looked upon every one as simply his fellow-workers, and was ever ready to help any in trouble. 'Gifted,' as one of his brother officers has said of him, 'with a singularly attractive and lovable disposition, he made friends of every one he met. With the simplest of tastes himself, and (after the deaths of his father and brother) with ample means at his disposal, he used to help more particularly those married with or without leave in the regiment, and these cases I only heard of by accident. He never spoke of them himself.'

Nor was his interest in his men limited to merely secular matters. He was deeply impressed with the conviction that, carrying as the soldier did his life in his hand, there was no class of men who ought more to be prepared for death. And facing death, as he so often did himself, he

felt that the consolations of religion should be within the soldier's reach when needed. He was a staunch Presbyterian, loyal to his national religion, and ever ready to give the chaplain of his regiment his support and help. When the Nile Expedition had reached Korti it was resolved that none but fighting men should go further, and some of the chaplains were accordingly left behind as an unnecessary impediment. Just before starting, an officer of the staff came to the chaplain of the Black Watch, who happened at the time to be standing beside Colonel Wauchope, with the order that he was not to proceed further. The chaplain replied that there was nothing for him to do at Korti, if he were separated from the regiment; he urged that he had been sent from Cairo with the Gordons and the Black Watch, and that he would go with them where duty called. Wauchope at once said, 'Stick to that and I will back you up.' The chaplain without any further demur was allowed to proceed, and he was the only chaplain who got beyond the base to be in time to do duty in action. In this connection an instance of his strict military discrimination may be mentioned. A man of his company came and complained to him that he had been told off by the sergeant-major to remain at the base. A certain number of men of each corps had been so ordered, and naturally the best soldiers were not left behind. Wauchope replied to this man, 'You are a soldier who is often drunk, often late for parade, often absent, and we can't depend upon you. We prefer to take men we can trust.' The man, very much crestfallen, and evidently disappointed, said, 'Sir, if you will take me to the front, I promise you I 'll never be brought before an officer again.' Wauchope said, 'Very well, I 'll take you at your word, but if you don't keep it, I 'll never do any-

thing more for you.' The man behaved perfectly well during the campaign, and loyally kept his word. 'It may be hoped,' says the friend from whom we have the story, 'that Wauchope's considerate action was the means of pulling up a man who was on the downward course, and the making of a good soldier out of a bad one.'

One may be sure that the disappointment of not reaching Khartoum, and the sudden cessation of their active efforts, had a depressing effect upon the whole force. Lord Wolseley, in his message to the Nile Column ordering it to return, sought to soften the disappointment in some measure by judicious praise. 'Please,' said he, 'express to the troops Lord Wolseley's high appreciation of their gallant conduct in action, and of the military spirit they have displayed in overcoming the great difficulties presented by the river. Having punished the Monassir people for Colonel Stewart's murder, it is not intended to undertake any further military operations until after the approaching hot season.'

When once more the expedition headed down-stream, difficult as they had found it to ascend, the return movement was even more risky and dangerous. The eighty-five Canadian steersmen were now found to be invaluable, or, as one has remarked, 'were worth their weight in gold.' Boat after boat with their loads of troops came down at lightning speed in order of two fathoms' length between each boat. It required a quick eye and steady steering to avoid collision or being thrown on the rocks, for half a second was as good as a wreck when shooting madly between the sunken rocks of the cataracts. A few boats came to grief, but only one belonging to the Black Watch. And so Wauchope and the other wounded were steered down the great river—perhaps the most wonderful stream

in this world of ours—to Meraivi. Rochefoucauld has said that strong minds suffer without complaining, while weak ones complain without suffering. Wauchope's exemplary patience under such trying and painful circumstances, we have been told, was extraordinary. He was ever cheerful, and not a murmur escaped his lips. At Meraivi the regiment erected huts and an hospital, and remained for two months, but were always on the alert night and day against threatened attacks by unfriendly Arabs. The Government ultimately abandoned the idea of the reconquest of the Soudan at that time. It was left to its fate in the hands of the victorious Mahdi, all the troops being recalled. Leaving the boats at Akasheh on 8th June, the Black Watch took train for Wady Halfa, thence to Assouan, then by steamers and *diabehas* to Assiout, and thereafter by train to Cairo, which was safely reached on the morning of the 27th June, Lord Wolseley telegraphing to London, 'The Black Watch has arrived in splendid condition, and looking the picture of military efficiency.'

Colonel Wauchope's services in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 were acknowledged by two clasps to his Egyptian medal, inscribed Nile and Kirbekan.

It is a significant commentary upon the modesty of the man, that while the records of the regiment at this time, from which we have gathered these particulars of its movements in the Nile Expedition, were compiled by Colonel Wauchope himself, Colonel Bayly, who was then its commanding officer, has pointed out to us 'that just for that reason we will find his name less mentioned than it ought to be.'

The Black Watch returned to Cairo, where they remained for over a year, during which time Wauchope had quite recovered from his wounds and was able to resume duty.

On the 30th April 1886 the regiment left Cairo, sailing from Alexandria in the steamship *Poonah* under orders for Malta, and reaching that interesting island on the 5th May. During the three years that followed, when the 42nd were quartered there, and afterwards at Gibraltar, Colonel Wauchope was several times home on leave of absence, but not for any lengthened period. During these years, the 42nd had the round of the various barracks with which that important military station is studded—Ricasoli, St. Elmo, Floriana, Gozo, and Pembroke Camp. The last, which is about two miles west of the harbour and fortifications of Valletta, was occupied for a time when the troops were engaged in firing practice, and one gentleman who was then in Malta, acting as assistant to Dr. Wisely, the resident chaplain, mentions that he always found the Colonel exceedingly kind, occasionally asking him to join the officers' mess, and showing him much attention. From frequent intercourse with him, he formed the impression that 'he was one of the most modest and unassuming of men; and, he might add, one of the most sensible.'

But Wauchope's influence and personality were not limited to his military duties, or to the British soldiers merely. He had a great deal to do with the Maltese, especially in connection with the formation of a Malta Militia. We are told by Dr. Wisely that he 'entered into the organisation of a body of native militia with his usual thoroughness; and,' he says, 'by none was he more respected than by the native inhabitants of the island. The Maltese loved him. When the news came of his death, some of them I know wept for sorrow.'

At the sale of the whale-boats of the Nile Expedition, Wauchope purchased two or three of them, and had them

sent to Malta, where they were largely used, and to good effect, by his men for recreation purposes. With a good deal of the sailor in him, he encouraged races and aquatic sports in and about Valletta, he himself taking an active personal interest in them, and being a good deal out with the boats.

His old shipmate of the *St. George*, Prince Alfred, who had now been created Duke of Edinburgh, and was then serving as captain of one of the warships in the Mediterranean, and afterwards as commander-in-chief of the Malta station, came a good deal in contact with Wauchope at this time. There was a frequent interchange of visits between them. 'The Duke,' says Colonel Bayly, 'had always the greatest regard for Wauchope, calling him, as of old, by his Christian name of Andy, and showing the utmost friendship.' In this way the otherwise tedious routine of garrison duty was considerably lightened.

In June 1889, Wauchope was honoured by having conferred upon him by Her Majesty the distinction of Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, in recognition of his splendid services in Egypt.

On the 8th August, the battalion of the Black Watch left Malta for Gibraltar in H.M.S. *Himalaya*, and disembarked at the Rock on the 13th, taking up their quarters in the south barracks. The regiment had a prolonged stay of nearly three years at Gibraltar, but during that period Captain Wauchope, in addition to his being home several times on furlough, had frequent opportunities of making visits in Spain and on the coast of Algiers and Morocco. His actual term of foreign service only extended to February 1891, when he returned to Scotland to take the command of the 2nd Battalion at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow.

During his residence at Gibraltar in 1890, he twice over occupied for a time a rather unusual position, being called upon to take command of the garrison. While actually in charge of only a company, he also commanded the battalion owing to the temporary absence of Colonel Gordon on leave. The major-general having been called away at the same time, Wauchope, by virtue of his army seniority, took over the command of the infantry brigade of four regiments as well. None were quicker than himself to see the possibilities of this peculiar situation. As he put it, with a humorous smile—'Now, suppose a man of my company has a complaint to make, and I decide against him, as I probably should: his remedy is to appeal to the officer commanding his regiment, and he gets Andrew Wauchope again to judge the case. His next appeal would be to the general, and again he comes before Andrew Wauchope; but being only human myself, I fear he would find the decision confirmed, and he would go away with the reflection, that it was "Andrew Wauchope all along the line!"'

It is needless to say this problematical contingency never arose, and so he was saved from acting in any such triple capacity.

CHAPTER VII

THE MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN

'A Scot of the Scots,' General Wauchope was a man of many parts. Great in arms, he was equally great in the arts of peace; and in the political world, strangely enough, he carved out for himself a reputation quite unique. Though his countrymen were naturally proud of his distinguished services as a soldier, they knew him also, it has been well said, as the man who by pertinacious pluck and sweet conciliation brought down Mr. Gladstone's majority in the county of Midlothian. Liberal politicians both in England and Scotland will not have forgotten the horrified astonishment with which they read the figures of the poll in that county at the General Election of 1892.

Mr. Gladstone had been returned for the metropolitan county of Scotland in 1880, after his great campaign, by a small majority against the present Duke of Buccleuch, at that time Earl of Dalkeith. That was under the old and restricted franchise. In 1885, when the miners and farm hands had largely through his influence obtained votes, he defeated Sir Charles Dalrymple—a man respected by all who knew him, and by many who did not—by two to one, and something over. Nobody thought any more about Midlothian. It was regarded as Mr. Gladstone's strong-

hold, and the Liberals went to sleep in the comfortable assurance that the seat was theirs so long as he lived. Nor were their slumbers disturbed by the unopposed election of July 1886, when throughout the country the Liberal party suffered a serious defeat consequent upon Mr. Gladstone's attempt, as Prime Minister, to pass what was popularly known as the Home Rule Bill for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone retained his seat, but was obliged to resign his position as First Lord of the Treasury; and the Home Rule Bill in course of the next six years, under the administration of Lord Salisbury, became practically a thing of the past. During that time remarkable changes were effected in the constituency. In Edinburgh the Conservative party had rallied. Its leaders did not lack courage, even under the most hopeless circumstances, and they resolved to bring forward one whose determination and courage had been well tried, though in an entirely different field. At a meeting of the Midlothian Liberal Unionist Association in Edinburgh on the 18th November 1889, the proposal of the committee to adopt Colonel Wauchope of Niddrie as their representative was unanimously carried.

It was admitted on all hands that his acceptance of such a proposal involved the undertaking of a very hard task; one speaker at the meeting even going so far as to say that 'while he did not anticipate they were to win the county, he was sure that if Colonel Wauchope led this forlorn hope, it would not be an inglorious defeat.'

Notwithstanding the rather doubtful prospects of success which his supporters gave, Wauchope's reply was characteristic of the man. He accepted the honour and the responsibility all the more readily, it would appear, that it was accompanied by difficulties. After thanking the meeting for asking him to come forward at the next election,

he said he should be more than human if he did not feel deeply gratified. If he had been an orator, or if he had been a man engaged in public affairs, he would not have been surprised. But though he was an utterly untried man, he would do his best to try and serve, he should not say their interests, but the interests of the cause which they had all at heart. He was sure they would rally round the old flag—the flag of the Union. It spoke well for the future of Unionism throughout the land; and their native county of Midlothian had in this respect shown a good example to the rest of the country. They must never lose sight of the fact that this battle that was going on now was not a battle only in Midlothian, but it was a battle 'all along the line,' from Land's End to John o' Groats. They were only a mere part of that fight; and if it were a 'forlorn hope' here, it was of the greatest advantage to the great cause that they made a good 'forlorn hope' of it! He felt the responsibility very much to play the part of leader to them when they might so easily have got a better one. 'However,' he said, 'the choice is with you. I did not seek it, but shall do my best to come to the end of the business in a proper way.' Here it will be seen there was both boldness and modesty, confidence in the cause he was to champion, and self-reliance, without overrating his ability for the hazard. His opposition to Irish Home Rule and the possible disintegration of the Empire made him fearless, even to the extent of daring to oppose in person the great commander-in-chief of the Home Rule army.

At this time he was home from Gibraltar for a short furlough, and with evidently no expectation of taking any prominent part in politics; and so, his term of leave of absence having nearly expired, he was unable to follow up

his nomination by any active movement. He accordingly returned to Gibraltar on 4th December. In January following he got, however, a further leave of absence from 29th January till 31st May, during which time he took full advantage of the opportunity. Though there was no near prospect of an election, he at once set about his canvass with all the characteristic energy of his nature, devoting all his spare time to addressing meetings of the electors in the various villages and parishes of the county. This preliminary canter over, he rejoined his regiment at Gibraltar in June 1890, leaving politics all behind him, and entering with fresh zest into his military duties.

The Liberal press of the country, as a rule, treated Colonel Wauchope's candidature with the utmost indifference, if not with contempt, regarding it as a foregone conclusion that it would end in nothing. Indeed, his splendid audacity provoked the Radical party to mirth, and even in Unionist circles there was much shaking of heads. On all hands, by political friends and foes alike, every consideration and deference was shown, and he was listened to generally in respectful silence, rarely with open opposition; but his claims were not considered serious enough to work out to a conclusion that would at all affect Mr. Gladstone's position as the sitting member. Was Mr. Gladstone not the first statesman of the day, and the most brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer of the century?—a man who, it has been wittily said, 'could apply all the resources of a burnished rhetoric to the illustration of figures; who could make pippins and cheese interesting, and tea serious; who could sweep the widest horizon of the financial future and yet stop to bestow the minutest attention on the microcosm of penny stamps and post horses.' To oppose such a man seemed madness. The feeling was,

however, more of pity that a good man should waste his energies on a hopeless effort, than any fear of danger to the Liberal cause. The following, as the expression of a Liberal editor, may be taken as a fair specimen of the general feeling at the time:—'The answer to the question of the *Scotsman*, "Where is the candidate for Midlothian?" has at last been answered. Colonel Wauchope is a good and a brave man, and one almost regrets that he should have been prevailed upon to lead a forlorn hope. Almost all that was said of Sir Charles Dalrymple when he contested the county, may be said of the Laird of Niddrie. His heart is in the right place. He is justly held in much esteem as a landlord and county gentleman, as well as for his gallant services to his country. Sir Charles is, however, more of and perhaps a better politician, and where HE failed, Colonel Wauchope can have little chance of success.'

These pessimistic effusions had no more effect upon Wauchope than water on a duck's back. He had given his word, the die was cast, and deliberately and systematically he carried out his resolution. Beginning at his own village of New Craighall—chiefly inhabited by the miners belonging to the coal-pits on his estate—he commenced his campaign in the schoolroom on 10th February 1890, his friend and neighbour Sir Charles Dalrymple acting as chairman. In the course of his speech, Sir Charles referred to the difficult task Colonel Wauchope had undertaken, but was of opinion that his experience in the army had taught him not to shrink from a task because it was difficult. Indeed, he thought that to Colonel Wauchope a task of difficulty was more attractive than an easy one. He was above all things plain-spoken and thorough, and if he made statements on public questions, they might be sure

that he would not have to answer them or explain them away at a subsequent period.

It is not necessary we should follow his footsteps throughout the county on this first round of addresses to the electors, or of his second round the following year, when he again returned from Gibraltar, and finally in 1892 when the general election took place. His personal canvass too of nearly fifteen thousand electors was a remarkable experience, and was conducted by him with much tact.

It is needless to say these repeated appearances proved an excellent training for him in the art of public speaking. He addressed the electors on all subjects of public importance from Home Rule as the all-absorbing question of the day, to questions of Imperial and local interest. It must be admitted his early speeches bore the unmistakable signs of the amateur in platform oratory, and when too hard pressed by a pertinacious heckler he had sometimes to admit he was nonplussed, but that he would give the embarrassing question his full attention, and express his opinion on it when he had formed it. This want of experience told heavily against him, and frequently he had difficulty in getting a hearing, or in being able clearly to express his views on some of the topics dealt with. But a breakdown did not put him very much out; he always managed to please his audience before he was done, with some happy remark given with the utmost good-nature. His utterances, sometimes diffuse and incoherent at first, very soon grew in confidence as well as in clearness, and before the election was over there were few public speakers better able to command the attention of a large audience than Andrew Gilbert Wauchope of Niddrie.

As he progressed in fluency of utterance he grew in popularity. The householders of the middle class cer-

tainly showed no sympathy for his claims, and almost closed their doors in his face. They were Gladstonian to a man. But, notwithstanding this, the Colonel gradually acquired a hold upon the industrial and agricultural workmen. He had, as they said, 'a way with him.' He talked to them in every village about politics and about their own lives. He never indulged in personal abuse of Mr. Gladstone—on the contrary, when he did refer to him it was always with the utmost respect, as one or two of his speeches before us testify. As a rule, the working classes are not slow to recognise a gentleman, and they soon found the Colonel was one to the back-bone; one who had a human heart and could do a kind deed. At a meeting in the early part of the campaign, a mining village had crowded its men into a hall to hear the man who dared to oppose Mr. Gladstone. The meeting was very noisy, and ill-disposed to listen—so much so that a speech was impossible. When things were becoming serious, a smart-looking working man, apparently in the thirties, stepped on to the platform amidst the hubbub, much to the Colonel's surprise. Nobody knew what was coming, and the singularity of the proceeding secured silence, in which the unexpected orator spoke to the following effect:—'I dinna ken very much about politics, but I was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, and a man came up to me as I lay on the ground, and after giving me a drink from his water-bottle carried me back to a place of safety. That man is on the platform to-night, and that's the man I'm gaen to vote for.' The effect was electrical; the Colonel was not only listened to, he was cheered to the echo, and the incident made a deep impression on many present.

Frequently, of course, he had to stand a good deal of interruption and good-natured chaff, but he was generally

ready with a happy retort. 'Does your mother know you're out?' was shouted to him from the back part of a hall one night in the middle of his speech by a roisterous opponent. 'Oh yes,' quietly replied the Colonel parenthetically, 'but she will very soon know that I am in!'

Another questioner, evidently thinking he had a poser, put it to the candidate: 'If war breaks out, will you be able to represent the county?' to which he returned the laconic and crushing reply: 'My man, if war breaks out, I'll be there'—an answer which at once evoked a ringing cheer and turned the meeting largely in his favour. Of course he did not convert all the miners to his way of thinking, but he managed to retain their esteem all the same. 'I like ye, Colonel, but I canna vote for ye,' said a conscientious miner to him one day, and doubtless the Colonel appreciated his humble political opponent all the more for his genuine frankness. Few who were present at his first political meeting in New Craighall schoolroom will readily forget the difficulty he had in getting through with the subject of land values. After wandering over half the Continent for practical illustrations, he at length lost the thread of his discourse, and got into a hopeless maze. For a minute or two he stood speechless, while his face became quite florid, as he fiercely pounded his left hand with his fist in his own characteristic fashion. A happy inspiration came at last. Turning his back upon the audience, he suddenly seized one of the newspaper reporters sitting near, and commanded him to stand up. 'What have you got down there? Read it!' With some difficulty the reporter obeyed. 'That's not what I want to say at all. Put it out. We can't have that go into the papers; put it down this way,' and then he proceeded to tell him what he meant to say.

'I was miserably beaten,' he remarked next day to a friend; 'but I've determined to master politics, and I'll do it.' How he did it every one knows. With a volume of Gladstone's speeches in his pocket, he tramped the constituencies, and on the eve of the election, at a meeting of seventeen hundred persons in the Corn Exchange of Dalkeith, which was even honoured by the presence of cabinet ministers, the speech of the evening was admitted to be that made by Colonel Wauchope.

All this involved, of course, active exertion, as well as concentration of thought and study, and the very servants in the house could see he was absorbed in thought as he never had been before. Even his walks about the grounds were less frequent than before, for the things that used formerly to interest him were passed unheeded by, as with face to the ground he appeared to be thinking out some problem or composing a speech. In his room piles of papers littered the floor, and the preparations for speeches must have been enormous for one not accustomed to this kind of work. One night he had sat up late preparing a speech, making cuttings and pasting them together to be ready for reference. In order that they might be properly dried, he left them on the fender overnight, and when the girl came in in the morning to put on the fire, thinking it was a lot of wastepaper she used it for that purpose. Of course the Colonel made inquiries about his papers, and for some time there was great consternation among the servants when it was known what had happened, and the admission had to be made that they had been destroyed. It was very different with him, however. He laughed the matter over, and told the poor girl never to mind, as it was more than likely it would end in smoke at any rate!

By the end of March 1891 Colonel Wauchope had a second time visited the whole of the constituency, or, as a Radical paper put it, 'had been overhauling the preserves of the Grand Old Man,' but admitting frankly, at the same time, that 'he seemed everywhere to be received with marked attention and respect.'

One of the largest of these meetings, held in Dalkeith on 31st January, gave him an opportunity of twitting the Liberals upon their alliance with Mr. Parnell, and upon the exposure made to the country by his having a bag of lime thrown in his face, 'not by an alien Saxon, but by a Paddy belonging to the soil, in the county of Kilkenny, in the very midst of dear old Ireland.' The great issue, he said, now before the country has been wonderfully cleared up, and he strongly believed that if the people of this country could have the truth put before them, there would be no more talk of Home Rule—referring, of course, to the scandal connected with the Irish leader's temporary retirement from political life by recent exposures in the Divorce Court.

These peregrinations through the county brought Colonel Wauchope in contact with all classes of people. The very reporters, whose duty it was to follow him and report his speeches, he made friends of, and by all who had dealings with him he was regarded as the most genial and generous-minded of political candidates. As one of them said, 'he was affability itself, and gave the impression of regarding the reporters as his personal friends.' One of these gentlemen has given us the following graphic account of an electioneering visit to one of the outlying parishes in the county:—

Once in the course of one of his Midlothian tours we had something in the nature of adventure. He was to address an

evening meeting at Heriot, and arrangements were duly made for the stopping of an outgoing express which left the Waverley Station about six o'clock, as well as for the stopping of the Pullman express in order to bring him back to Edinburgh. The arrangement was so beautifully fine that it failed disastrously. To begin with, the departure of the outgoing train was delayed for over twenty minutes awaiting a Glasgow connection, and, to make matters worse, the fact that the village of Heriot is about two miles distant from the railway station had been totally disregarded—if, indeed, it was known. The result was that the candidate, his agent, and the writer alighted at Heriot Station just about the time that the meeting was announced to begin. There was nothing for it but walking. In a drenching rain the three of us set out for the meeting-place. When we had accomplished a considerable part of the journey we were overtaken by a light country van. The driver on having our plight explained to him, readily gave us a 'lift,' and in this way we reached Heriot about the time we ought to have been leaving it in order to catch the train that was being stopped for the express purpose of picking us up. The audience, it was evident, was not quite in the best of humour at having been kept waiting so long; but the explanation of the Colonel, and his candid, honest attitude won the hearts of his audience, and he had an excellent reception. A passage in his speech on that occasion is worth recalling in the light of the event over which all Scotland to-day mourns. 'People state,' he said, 'that I am a warlike candidate; but, gentlemen, I have twice or thrice been shot in the body already, and I declare to you I have no great desire to be shot again.' At the close of the meeting we set out on the return trudge to Heriot, painfully aware of the fact that the last train had gone, and not knowing in the least how or where we were going to pass the night. In the course of our march, I remember, the Colonel turned to me and said seriously, 'I hope you don't get into any bother over this?' I assured him that he need have no anxiety on that score. 'Because,' he added, 'I'll sign any certificate you like.' The remark was quite like him. It reflected at once the soldier and the considerate gentleman. Well, when we

got to the railway station, we found that the train that was to have picked us up, had passed quite an hour previously. The stationmaster, I remember, took in the situation sympathetically at a glance. If he was not a sturdy Unionist he must have been one of the General's numerous admirers. 'There is nothing for it,' said he, 'but to walk up the line to Falahill, where we may have a chance of getting a pilot engine to run you down at least to Dalkeith.' Accordingly the stationmaster lit a lamp, and the four of us started to walk up the line in the dark, wet night. When we reached Falahill we learned with intense relief that a spare engine was at that very moment pushing up a goods train from Eskbank. The train arrived at the signal-box in the course of a very few minutes, and in the course of a few minutes more the Colonel, his agent, and myself had mounted the spare engine. The engine-driver was a brick. He drove us down the hill like the wind—tender first, by the way. We alighted from the engine at the point where the Dalkeith section debouches from the main line, and after the chilling effect of our rough ride, at once started off at a smart pace to walk to Dalkeith Station. We reached Dalkeith exactly at ten minutes to ten o'clock. There were thus ten minutes left to us in which to obtain a much-needed refreshment, and we needed little persuasion to visit an adjoining inn for the purpose. We caught the last train from Dalkeith, and were in the Waverley Station about half-past ten o'clock. Many a time afterwards was that eventful evening recalled by all three.

In the spring of this same year (1891), when political parties in Midlothian were busy preparing for the possibility of a general election occurring in the following year, a portion of Colonel Wauchope's regiment was ordered home from Gibraltar, and he was posted to the Second Battalion to be stationed at Belfast. This transference made him now second in command, with the rank of Senior Major of the Black Watch. He did not therefore require to go back to Gibraltar again, but served the

greater part of this and the following year, first in Belfast and afterwards in Limerick.

In January 1892 Colonel Wauchope began his third tour of Midlothian, carrying it on with energy for the next three months. Still the dogged determination to do well and thoroughly what he had undertaken is patent in all the steps of his progress. The 'forlorn hope' was now looking more hopeful, and his opponents were beginning to take alarm. At one meeting it had been insinuated that Mr. Gladstone being an old man of eighty-two, he was only working with a view to ultimately taking the great statesman's place. He repudiated the idea with all the eloquence he could command. 'It had been said that he was waiting to step into dead men's shoes. That, he thought, was striking a bit below the belt. He certainly could look any man in Midlothian straight in the face—ay, into his very eye—and say that he was waiting to fill no dead man's shoes. He was telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, when he said he hoped Mr. Gladstone might live for many years. He knew that a greater statesman than Mr. Gladstone perhaps never lived in this country; but, despite that, he was sorry to say he could not agree with his policy. Indeed, the more he admired Mr. Gladstone's genius, and the more wonderful he considered all that he had done, the more deeply and the more profoundly did he regret the course he had pursued in regard to the Irish Home Rule question. There was no doubt that the greatest men had made the greatest mistakes.' Home Rule he characterised in another speech as 'Federalism that would completely change the character of the Government of the United Kingdom,' and 'he could not help feeling it was a measure which would never be sanctioned by the people of this country.'

As a counteractive to the Colonel's prolonged canvass, a great Liberal demonstration took place in Edinburgh on 29th March, when, in addition to the great statesman himself, Lord Carrington, Governor of New South Wales, appeared.

Parliament was dissolved three months after, on 25th June, and immediately the electoral battle was waged with greater intensity. Mr. Gladstone came down to Edinburgh on the 30th June to begin a tour of the county, and the eyes of the whole country were turned upon Midlothian and the fate of the great leader of the Liberal party. Charmed with the flow of eloquence, crowded audiences hung upon his lips, and, no doubt, led away with the popular enthusiasm with which he was on all hands greeted, Mr. Gladstone's supporters overlooked the influence that had silently but surely been working against his return, and were incredulous as to the possibility of defeat, while a too confident committee were thought to have relaxed their efforts. One Radical writer had no hesitation in saying, that 'as to the result of the election, no one seems to have any doubt. It is fully admitted that Colonel Wauchope is in many respects an admirable candidate, but to compare him with Mr. Gladstone is looked upon by the latter gentleman's followers as almost ludicrous!'

The result was nevertheless looked forward to with the utmost interest. Speculation ran high; and while the odds were certainly in favour of Mr. Gladstone, an element of uncertainty was daily growing as the polling-day drew near, which only whetted public curiosity the more.

It was even said that the Colonel himself, in view of his rapidly increasing popularity, was beginning to be apprehensive that he was actually to be elected—a result he

neither expected nor greatly wished. 'I am getting into a funk,' he remarked—whether seriously or not we cannot tell—when his agents told him he was likely to win the seat from Mr. Gladstone. 'You know, I don't want to go into Parliament; I want to be Commander of the Black Watch.' He had stood forward when asked as the champion of his party. He had opposed what he considered the errors of the Liberals. He would have none of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. He was opposed to the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. He was against the enforcement of an eight hours limit of labour as an infringement of individual liberty, while he held that the foreign policy of the country under Liberal Governments had not always commanded public confidence. For three years he had earnestly and well enunciated the principles for which he contended, but as to turning Mr. Gladstone out of his seat at last, we can well believe that he shrank from the bare possibility of it as the day of the poll approached.

The Midlothian election took place on the 12th July. Out of a constituency of 13,134, no less than 11,000 tendered their votes—or 84 per cent. of the total. It must be borne in mind that a large number of the returns throughout the country had already been made, and these in many cases showed in favour of the Liberal cause. Indeed, Lord Salisbury's majority in the House of Commons had disappeared, and each day brought additions to the Liberal majority. The party was naturally elated, and so far as Midlothian was concerned it was confidently predicted that Mr. Gladstone's majority would not be less than 2500. The result of the poll was made known next day at the Edinburgh County Buildings before an immense concourse of people. It was one of the biggest

surprises Mr. Gladstone's supporters encountered during the General Election, so far certainly as Scotland was concerned. The counting of the votes was completed about a quarter to one o'clock, and an unofficial intimation of the result soon found its way outside. It put Mr. Gladstone's majority at 673. There was a crowd of some thousands in number on the street in front of the court-house, and the announcement that Mr. Gladstone's majority had been reduced below 700 gave rise to a scene of extraordinary excitement. The crowd surged up to the door to hear the figures, and as the cry 'Gladstone in by 700' was passed from one to another, a roar of astonishment, we are told, went up from a thousand throats. The noise brought hundreds of more excited politicians flocking to the scene. Town Council committee men and young men from the adjoining Parliament House of every shade of politics hurried up to join the excited throng. Blank dismay took hold of every Gladstonian countenance. Some of them could not restrain themselves, and the most convenient object on which to vent their indignation was apparently the Church of Scotland, which came in for no little share of abuse as the cause of it all.

When it is recalled that in 1885 Mr. Gladstone had been elected by a majority of 4631, and that in the following year his return was not opposed, the figures of 1892 very well justified Colonel Wauchope's daring. These were, for Mr. Gladstone 5845, and for the Colonel 5150—a majority for the former of 690. In other words, Mr. Gladstone had lost 2000 votes, and Colonel Wauchope had polled nearly 2000 more than had been recorded for Sir Charles Dalrymple in 1885. Neither of the candidates happened to be at the County Buildings when the declaration of the poll was made, so that after the first surprise

was over the crowd dispersed. It had been the intention to have at once sent a telegram to Mr. Gladstone, who was residing with Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny, but it is said that so great was the perplexity among his supporters, that the telegram though made out was not despatched till later on, for, like the crowd outside, the people in the corridors refused for a time to credit the figures. Colonel Wauchope had a most enthusiastic reception accorded to him at his committee rooms in Princes Street, and on being called upon for a speech, said he would not make a speech, because he felt it to be true that it was the committee of Midlothian that had won this victory. It was, he repeated, the committee; it was the men who had stood by their guns at the committee rooms, the men who had assiduously and earnestly worked for the cause—a duty he feared not always of the most agreeable kind. But they had done their work well, and it was to them that they owed this great victory—because it was a victory—that would resound throughout the length and breadth of the land. 'It is true, I have been the standard-bearer in this fight, and I hope I have borne the standard not without discredit to myself. But it is very little that a standard-bearer can do if he is not supported by an army on the right and an army on the left of him, and I am here to acknowledge that I have been supported, and well supported, by a noble army both on my right and on my left. We have fought a good fight, and a straight fight, and we have proved that the heart of Midlothian beats sound enough.'

The result of this Midlothian election was admitted on all hands, and by none more so than the Liberals themselves, as 'a grievous surprise,' 'an eye-opener,' 'a severe lesson.' It was realised now that after all Colonel Wauchope's candidature had not been quite the 'forlorn

hope' they had at first predicted it to be. As one of the party papers afterwards remarked, 'They had been taught the lesson that it does not do to depend too much upon the individuality of any one, however eminent, to carry a seat. . . . The advanced party was caught napping.' . . . 'It is,' they said, 'most astonishing to find how well Colonel Wauchope is respected in the constituency now, and how much he has improved in his treatment of political questions.' The outspoken and transparent honesty of his character has made him troops of friends in all quarters, and the attention with which he was received both by friends and opponents at the various polling-booths must have been gratifying to the gallant Colonel himself in no ordinary degree, as well as encouraging alike to him and his supporters to try conclusions again.'

Seldom has a defeat been reckoned so much of a victory. Those of the 'forlorn hope' were amazed, for what at first appeared so hopeless had come within the region of possibility. Wauchope's name was on every lip and at the point of every pen. The Midlothian election startled the political world, and sobered the joy of Liberals; for even the return of a majority of members to Parliament, sufficient with the aid of the Irish Nationalists to turn out the Conservative Government of Lord Salisbury and to place Mr. Gladstone in office, was, in the estimation of many of that great statesman's admirers, scarcely compensation enough for such a downcome.

Immediately after the election, on the 18th July, Colonel Wauchope was entertained to a house dinner by the Scottish Conservative Club, at which Sir Charles Dalrymple presided. The Unionists of Midlothian also recognised Colonel Wauchope's efforts and the sacrifices he had made in the contest by a grand banquet given

in his honour in the Corn Exchange, one of the largest halls in Edinburgh, on the 20th August. Beautifully decorated for the occasion, and filled as it was by over a thousand of the leading men of the party, and a large number of ladies in the galleries, the banquet was a spectacle of remarkable brilliancy and beauty.

The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Buccleuch, who, in proposing their guest's health, congratulated the company upon the occasion which had brought so many of them together as representatives of every parish in the county, after a fight in which the interest of the whole country had been centred—a fight which was looked upon a short time ago as a forlorn hope—a fight with one of the most powerful men in the kingdom—one who came down here, you may say, as the idol of the people. 'It is unusual,' said his Grace, 'to celebrate a defeat; I will not call it that. I cannot call it a victory, but I will call it a very great success. It has been a success that has astonished ourselves, but it has done more than that—it has created consternation among our opponents. A few more, or, I would say, one more success of this kind, will not only be a victory, but a very great one. For a majority of 4631 to have been reduced on this last occasion to 690 is no small thing to have been accomplished. It has been accomplished by two causes, or, I might say, three perhaps. One was a first-class candidate; the second was hard-working constituents; the third—a very important one—was a good cause.' His Grace then referred to the Colonel's family as holding an honoured place in the history of Midlothian for nearly six hundred years, and to his own good qualities as a soldier who had fought hard for his country's honour, and faithfully served his Queen.

Colonel Wauchope's reply was at once modest, vigorous, and humorous, but our space will not permit us to give it in its entirety. In his most light-hearted bantering manner he referred to the consternation of their Liberal opponents on hearing that Mr. Gladstone had only been returned by a majority of 690. 'They said it must be a blunder; there must be something wrong; a "one" dropped out from before the "six"; it was absurd; the figure will be at least 1690.' 'Ah, but they looked, and they better looked, but there was no number "one" before the "six." The fact was this, my friends, that Mr. Gladstone's majority was down 4000, and so the news had to travel to Dalmeny, where, I fancy, it was not received with great cordiality!' After complimenting the committee for the manner in which they had all exerted themselves, and a graceful acknowledgment to the ladies who had also assisted, he concluded by thanking his supporters for the great kindness he had experienced, and the great honour they had done him, and sat down amid a perfect storm of applause, the large audience once more rising to their feet, cheering to the echo.

One of the other speakers—Mr. Martin, manager of the works at New Craighall—mentioned that the miners of Niddrie, who had supported the Colonel with loyal devotion, were going to work on till they had returned him as member for Midlothian. And as an evidence of their admiration, on the 17th December they also in their own humble way honoured him with a banquet. It was given in the schoolroom of the village, and about a hundred and fifty warm sympathisers were present, presided over by Mr. Martin. It was in every way a demonstration creditable to the gratitude of the men for many acts of kindness shown to them in the past, and a manifestation of

their personal esteem, which the Colonel was not slow to recognise and appreciate.

A noteworthy feature of this contest between Colonel Wauchope and Mr. Gladstone was the entire absence of personal animosity. Both candidates treated each other, as they were entitled to do, with the utmost respect. This is not always so in the heat of political warfare. But Wauchope had the good sense to avoid any reference to his opponent, and for long Mr. Gladstone did not condescend to reply to any strictures upon his policy. When Wauchope had decided to offer himself as a candidate for Midlothian, he went to Sir Robert Biddulph, the Governor of Gibraltar, and told him he would have to canvass regularly until the next general election. Sir Robert's advice was wise:—'I told him,' said he, 'that he should never make any personal attack on Gladstone, nor ever mention his name in his public speeches. I said, "Gladstone is so strong a man, and so powerful a speaker, that he can tear you to pieces. You should not, therefore, give him the least opening for attacking you, but just act as if no such man existed." Some time after,' continues Sir Robert, 'he reminded me of that advice, and said he had scrupulously acted upon it, so much so that Mr. Gladstone had never attacked him, and had even spoken of him as a worthy and estimable man!'

Notwithstanding his military duties, of which he was far from being forgetful, amid all the political excitement of 1892, Colonel Wauchope, encouraged by the enthusiasm of his friends, and still determined to uphold what he considered Constitutional principles, though, at the same time, conscious of his own deficiencies, continued his candidature for some time in view of the possibility of another election soon. Writing from Limerick Barracks

on 28th July 1892 to a friend in Dalkeith who had sent him some complimentary verses on the recent election, he says:—'Many thanks for your kind letter. It is such that repay me for any little trouble I may have taken in the good old cause. No one feels more than I do how unfit I am in many ways for the position of candidate. For instance, during next month we are to be at field manœuvres, and I am tied by the leg during that time. But Midlothian deals very tenderly with all my wants—very much, I take it, that I am one of themselves.' Before long it became apparent, however, that it would be a needless waste of energy to continue the struggle; and, besides this, other duties supervened, and Colonel Wauchope saw fit to withdraw altogether from politics for a season.

CHAPTER VIII

THE 73RD REGIMENT AT MARYHILL BARRACKS—INCIDENTS OF HOME LIFE—MILITARY LIFE AT YORK—APPOINTMENT TO SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

IN the autumn of 1892 Colonel Wauchope's residence in Limerick came to a close on his appointment to the command of the 73rd Perthshire Regiment, or the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch, then stationed at Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow. This well-earned promotion to a position he had long aspired to occupy enabled him to be more frequently at Niddrie than formerly. During the twenty-seven years he had been connected with the Black Watch, he had risen slowly but steadily from the rank of subaltern through the various intermediate stages to the first position, by dint of persevering effort and close application to his military duties. He was by no means a dilettante officer. He loved his profession, and he made it his life work, while the enthusiasm with which he was inspired he imparted to those around him. We find this exemplified in a speech made at a large gathering of the old members of the 42nd held in the Trades Hall, Glasgow, on the 17th September, where he presided. Many of those present had been with him through the Ashanti and Soudan campaigns, as well as in Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar, and in referring to former times he

recalled their relationship with no little satisfaction. He felt, he said, as if he was back at Aldershot under his dear old colonel, now Sir John M'Leod, and once more an ensign, and the adjutant of the 42nd. But let them not forget their comrades of the 73rd regiment. Almost since the beginning of the century, the 73rd had been part and parcel of the 42nd, having been indeed the second battalion of the regiment. That alliance had been a happy one. Personally he had now served the second battalion for eighteen months, and it had been to him a period of great pleasure in his duties. That which bound them together and gave them so much in common was the glorious traditions of the 42nd. Their hearts warmed to each other and the old regiment as they thought of Waterloo and Quatre Bras. But it was not only traditions they had. He saw men before him who had fought in a European theatre of war, and who had taken part in the great battle of the Alma, of which they were now celebrating the anniversary. He had spent twenty-seven years in the old regiment, and the longer he was in it the better he loved it. In concluding an eloquent address, he said: 'The 42nd stood high in the esteem of the Scottish people, for there was no regiment that Scotland loved more than the "Auld Forty-twa," and well they might. By sea and by land, at home and abroad, the 42nd had fought and always deserved well of its country. Our old regiment has become renowned chiefly, I believe, because of the strict and stern yet good discipline exercised by such commanders as Sir Daniel Cameron, Sir John M'Leod, and others. These men had always stood up for discipline, and it was discipline that brought the soldier comfort, whilst it was the reverse that brought disorder and crime, and everything that was disagreeable.'

The Colonel was not, however, always so successful as a speaker An amusing incident is told of him when in command at Maryhill Barracks which shows that an eloquent man may not always have command of his tongue. One morning on parade he purposed giving the men an address, and from the demeanour of their colonel the men anticipated something eloquent. The genial Andrew, however, had only got the length of 'Men of the gallant 42nd,' when his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. Thrice did he make the attempt, and thrice did he fail to make progress, until, exasperated with himself, he suddenly exclaimed, to the astonishment of the regiment—'Men of the gallant 42nd, right-about wheel!'

But while the Colonel was strong in politics and diligent in the discharge of barrack duties, he did not forget his old ancestral home at Niddrie. It was never his lot to make anything like a permanent residence at Niddrie House, but so long as he was stationed either at Maryhill or afterwards in Edinburgh Castle he embraced every opportunity of making short visits home; and when home he never failed to interest himself in the welfare of all in the neighbourhood. In the spring of 1893, being then in command in Edinburgh Castle, he had more frequent opportunities of being among 'his ain folk,' and taking a more active interest in their welfare than was formerly possible. It is with almost a smile we read of his being at home at that time, and attending a meeting mostly composed of miners and labourers in the Niddrie School, to present prizes to the members of the local Bowling Club, in whose success he took a lively interest. A social meeting held after this ceremony was heartily enjoyed by all present, the Colonel entering freely into the spirit of the occasion, making himself the gayest of

the gay and 'everybody's body,' among men, women, and children. As one has well said, 'he had a magnetism about him which not only made him the friend of all, but made all his friends.'

It will be long before the people of Niddrie and New Craighall villages forget his kindness to them. One and all while he lived regarded him with pride, affection, and gratitude. Nor is this to be wondered at, for he held their loyalty and friendship by simple and unaffected acts of kindness and helpfulness, never making them feel that his friendship was an act of condescension, but rather the outcome of a warm heart and a generous nature. Their acknowledgment of his services when occasion arose was always spontaneous and sincere.

This was strikingly exemplified on the occasion of Colonel Wauchope's marriage in 1893 to Miss Jean Muir, the daughter of the venerable Principal of Edinburgh University. On the Saturday previous, the villagers and others turned out in full force, and by their gifts as well as by their presence showed how gratified they were with the lady of his choice, and how their good wishes went out towards them both. Two bands headed the procession to the mansion-house, and when the lawn was reached the Colonel was presented in name of them all with a silver punch-bowl, on a polished cannel-coal stand taken from the Niddrie coal-pits. The presents from the school children, the tenants on the estate, and other incidents of the day testified unmistakably in the same way to the cordial relations subsisting between the laird and his neighbours and dependants.

'A better man never lived' was the terse estimate of one of the villagers when speaking of him lately, and the echo of it will long keep his memory green.

One touching incident illustrating his goodness of heart is told by the Rev. George Dodds, the Free Church Minister of Liberton, as occurring about this time. When in command at Maryhill Barracks the Colonel one day inspecting the hospital had his attention directed to a boy —one of two brothers in the band of the Black Watch— who was dying of consumption, and it touched the soldier's heart. Finding out that the boy was an orphan, he had him removed to a room in his own house, the Colonel himself accompanying the lad from Glasgow to Niddrie, where every possible attention was paid to him. Dr. A. Balfour of Portobello was asked to look after the case, and it was the Colonel's wish that a nurse should attend him. The lad, however, got so attached to the housekeeper at Niddrie—one of the kindest and most faithful of servants —that he would have no other attention than hers. During all the illness of the brave little chap, no one knows but the kindly nurse, the doctor, and the minister, the Colonel's tenderness and anxiety and unstinted generosity towards his little friend. When at length after some weeks he died, it was a sight not to be forgotten, how at the close of the funeral service he stood weeping at the head of the coffin which was laid on trestles in the hall. It was a stormy wintry day at the end of April, the snow lying thick on the ground; but, following the bier, he walked uncovered through the snow with all the reverence of a bereaved man to the grave in the little private burying-ground in the Niddrie policies, where the young soldier, whose closing weeks of life he had soothed so tenderly, was laid to rest by his comrades from Edinburgh Castle.

Poor little Charlie Egan, with only his fifteen summers over his head, truly found in his commanding officer one

who was touched with the truest Christian sympathy, and acted well towards him the part of the Good Samaritan. Such conduct is a noble example. It is the secret of lasting popularity. It is more,—it is the secret of true happiness.

In 1894 occurred a protracted strike among the colliers throughout the country. The Niddrie coal-works were affected by it, and for seventeen weeks the men were out of employment, and their families suffering the severest hardship. On this question he expressed himself at a later date most forcibly in these words:—'I do not know anything to a patriotic mind more terrible for the country, and bad for it, than anything in the shape of strikes—those industrial wars which the country has witnessed and which had been an evil thing in every way. I know it will be said that I am a man of war, and that I love war, and all that sort of thing. Never was there a greater fable. Though I have never had to stand on a great European field of battle, I have seen too much of war in all its horrible aspects not to hate it in every sense of the word. In the same way with those industrial wars, there is nothing more deplorable and nothing which has tended more to unhappy homes, and all the consequences thereof.' But the Niddrie miners were in sore straits, and a deputation of them went to the Colonel to lay their case before him, and they did not appeal in vain. He told them very plainly he had no sympathy whatever with the strike; 'but man, Tam,' addressing the leader of the deputation, 'I would rather do anything than see the women and weans starving,' and there and then he promised to give one pound a week to keep the soup-kitchen going, so that they might at least have one good meal a day. Not only so, but as long as the strike lasted, vegetables in abundance were supplied from the Niddrie House gardens.

In New Craighall there is a large reading-room and bagatelle-room. Many years ago the building was erected by the Wauchope family for a school, and was used as such up till 1896, when it was superseded by the large school erected by the Board at Niddrie Mill. Niddrie bowling-green, gifted to the villagers lately by Sir Charles Dalrymple, has been a great boon to the men; and Colonel Wauchope contributed largely to the expense connected with its formation. A bleaching-green in the centre of the village—part of it fenced off for football; the local football club; the local brass band—these were all objects of his liberality. Was a site for a church or a chapel wanted, it was given ungrudgingly, and his grounds were thrown open for Sunday-school excursions and picnics during the summer months. In cases of accident to any of the miners, he had an ambulance waggon ready at the collieries, and in many other ways he indicated his interest in the villagers.

Similar instances of generosity among the people of Town and Kirk Yetholm—where the other family estate is situated—made him, we are told, the 'admired of all admirers.' There he bestowed large monetary help in providing better water supply and sanitary requirements for these villages. In Yetholm district he was an open-handed benefactor, and will probably be longer remembered as such than for his warlike achievements. And all this kindness was done without ostentation. It was the outcome of a noble and generous disposition. 'No man is truly great who is not gentle,' it has been wisely remarked, for a gentleman must be kind and considerate for others; and though the work of a soldier is to fight, and if need be to kill, he is all the stronger in his hour of struggle against the enemy that he carries within him a gentle heart.

Colonel Wauchope's heart was in the right place, and his influence was consequently far-reaching. It is told of him that one day he had as a companion in a country walk an ex-brother officer, not very popular among the private soldiers. As they sauntered along, they forgathered with a big boisterous bully who had been drummed out of his regiment, taking with him a rankling ill-will against this officer. He gave vent to his wrath against the Colonel's companion, and threatened that he would 'do' for him, showing at the same time every disposition to carry his threat into effect; but Wauchope promptly stepped between the two, when the rowdy somewhat changed his manner, saying, 'Captain, I would not lift a hand against so gallant an officer as you; it is lucky for Mr. —— that you are with him,' whereupon the Colonel lectured him upon the impropriety of his conduct, and with sundry other good advices parted from him by leaving a silver coin in his hand. This was too much for the man, and he burst into tears.

Nor was he above doing a kindly action, even though asked in not the most polite fashion. Once he happened to be visiting his friend Sir Charles Dalrymple, at Newhailes, dressed in plain rustic costume. He had scarcely entered the grounds, and closed the gate behind him, when he heard a shrill voice calling out, 'Hae, man! come and open the gate, will ye?' Looking round, Colonel Wauchope descried two fish-women with their creels on their backs, vainly endeavouring to effect an entrance. On the request being repeated, he at once turned back, politely opened the gate, and walked on! They had taken him for one of the workmen, and were rather disconcerted when they afterwards discovered who had been acting the part of porter for them.

Such acts of courtesy came natural to Colonel Wauchope; they were not put on for occasion. Whether in open-handed generosity and hospitality, or in the mere opening of a gate, he exemplified Emerson's idea of what a gentleman should be. As that writer expresses it, 'When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness; frank and affable without impertinence; obliging and complaisant without servility; cheerful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained, neither are there many men that have a faculty to excel this way. A finished gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the characters in life.'

Colonel Wauchope stood well by the miners through their long enforced idleness, with all its concomitant troubles, and when the time of distress was at last over and the pits had resumed work, the men determined to show their appreciation of his conduct by a public recognition of their esteem. On the 3rd May 1895, a large gathering took place in the New Craighall schoolroom, presided over by the manager of the works, when an illuminated address expressive of their gratitude, affection, and admiration, was presented to him in a silver-mounted casket. That he valued such an expression of affection from 'his own people,' as he liked to call them, goes without saying. In acknowledging the gift he said: 'This address will stand foremost among our household gods. On the face of it is a view of the old house of Niddrie, where for centuries my forefathers have lived before me. I will say that in distant lands and in moments of danger, my thoughts have always been of my old home and the people of Niddrie and this neighbourhood. And as to my poor services, I feel proud when they are brought to the

notice of my own people in my own country. And you may depend, that when the hour of danger is, if there is one thing that supports me in that hour, it is the knowledge that those at home are thinking about me, and should I fall, that their thoughts would be kindly towards me when I am no more.' Referring to a passage in the address that spoke of his relationship as owner of the soil to his dependants being ever of a kindly nature, he said: 'I would be no man at all if I were not pleased to hear that.' Then as for the unfortunate strike some months ago: 'I knew there were difficulties, and I stepped forward in a small way to try and help my countrymen and women. As for strikes, I don't like them. They are not good for our pockets, they are not good for our tempers, and they are unfortunate in every respect. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, however, and that strike has done this good for me—it has given me this presentation, which shall for ever be valued. The strike will also have done good to the community, inasmuch as it has shown that when difficulties are around us, and trials and tribulations come, we can stand shoulder to shoulder.' After a graceful allusion to Mrs. Wauchope as one desirous of doing her duty, and who in the address had been called his 'Gentle Consort,' the Colonel concluded amid great applause by thanking them all for the great kindness which had prompted such a meeting.

It does one good in these times, when capital and labour are too often in antagonism, to find such cordiality of affection and identity of interest.

After three years' residence in Edinburgh Castle, the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) received orders in the autumn of 1896 to take up their quarters in the city of York, and accordingly on 26th

September they left Edinburgh, where they had so long enjoyed the esteem of the citizens for their excellence of conduct. Colonel Wauchope and his gallant Highlanders paraded at seven in the morning at the Castle Esplanade, and although one hundred and seventy of the regiment were at the time at Ballater as a guard of honour to Her Majesty, the muster was five hundred and fifty strong. It spoke volumes for their discipline and good conduct, that Colonel Wauchope was able to say as the regiment was addressed before their departure, that 'there was not a single absentee from parade, nor yet a prisoner.'

The Black Watch were garrisoned in York for the following eighteen months, and both officers and men gained for themselves in that ancient cathedral city much popular favour. Effective discipline and systematic drill were never relaxed, and what they might lose in ease or pleasure was compensated by admirable efficiency.

In the Sussex military manœuvres of August and September 1897, Colonel Wauchope with a brigade of the Black Watch went from York to take a part in the proceedings. Joining the force of General Burnett, which had fallen back from Waltham, and had bivouacked overnight near Arundel, Wauchope's timely reinforcement enabled him to retrace his steps westwards. Passing through the ducal Arundel Park, he struck across Houghton Forest, deploying his battalions as the area of conflict neared, and encountered the opposing force under General Gosset, when some smart skirmishing (continued for several days) took place at Burton Down, Dignor Hill, and Bury Hill. The attempt to drive Burnett and Wauchope back over the river Arun, though gallantly attempted, was ultimately declared by the umpires to have

failed. Wauchope and his brigade were reported as having done splendidly.

In such exercises Wauchope was an adept. In military science he made it a point to be thoroughly conversant not only with the details of drill, but in general strategy, to be able to grip a given situation with comprehensive tact. A born soldier, he instinctively realised what was the right thing to do and the right time to attempt it. Nor was he the man to ask his men to do anything that he would not himself do, or take a part in. When in Edinburgh Castle it was his habit, in order to keep the regiment up to the fighting standard of physical endurance, to march them out a nine or ten miles round of country, and that in all sorts of weather; sunshine or rain apparently made no difference. Frequently have we seen him swinging along at the head of his men, sometimes on horseback, but more often on foot, over roads inches deep with mud. Like most favourite officers, he had his pet name. As we have already said, the name by which he was familiarly known in the Black Watch was 'Red Mick.' One day the regiment had been ordered out for a march, and in passing a group of the men the Colonel happened to overhear one of them say, 'Red Mick will be going to ride to-day.' The regiment was in due time drawn up on parade, and addressed by their commander as to the order of march; then looking the man who had made the remark straight in the face, he finished up by saying, 'but to-day Red Mick will walk!'

While the regiment was in York, Wauchope took a deep interest in the benevolent institutions of the city, and specially in the Scotch community. He was the President of the St. Andrew's Society, which, through his active interest in its affairs, greatly increased in numbers and

GENERAL WAUCHOPE.

From a Photograph by arrangement with Mr Thomas Kemp, Dalkeith.

influence. 'He always,' says one who knew him there, 'let it be known that he was a Scotsman, and was proud of his country. The stirring speeches that he made before the St. Andrew's Society are still remembered with delight; and as an evidence of the regard in which his memory is still held there, that Society is about to erect a tablet in the Presbyterian church to the memory of the officers and men of the Black Watch who have since fallen in battle.'

It was noticed also that the same chivalrous feeling of relationship existed between him and his men as existed formerly between a Highland chief and his clan. His interest in them and their families was ever showing itself in kindly visits to the married quarters of the barracks, in order to look after the welfare of the women and children, so as to increase their comfort. Fêtes and social meetings were not unfrequent, and at Christmas time it was his custom to have a well-laden Christmas tree, on which were suitable presents for the children, while the mothers had welcome little gifts of money distributed to them. All this, says the Rev. Alexander Stirling, minister of the Presbyterian church, York, was at his own private expense, and must have cost him not less than £50 on each occasion. In spite of the attractive splendours of a grand cathedral, Colonel Wauchope preferred to worship according to his accustomed manner in the simpler form of the Presbyterian church. There, too, by his arrangement, the regiment worshipped in force, and he always insisted upon a full complement of officers accompanying the men. Not only so, but, as Mr. Stirling informs us, Mrs. Wauchope and the officers of the Black Watch were in many ways helpful to him and his congregation, taking a part in much of their church work, and showing their loyalty to their Presbyterian principles in many ways.

In July 1898, Colonel Wauchope was selected by Lord Wolseley to command a brigade in the expedition then being organised under General (now Lord) Kitchener for the reconquest of the Soudan. The 42nd regiment was not ordered out for this service, and so the time had come when, after thirty-three years of close connection with them both in peace and in war, that connection must for a time be broken. One of his brother officers, writing afterwards of that period and the grief that was in every heart over the prospect of losing him, says: 'The send-off he received at York when he left will never be effaced from the memory of those who took part in it. I have never seen Scotch soldiers exhibit any such emotion, or give way so thoroughly to their feelings. They knew whom they were losing; they realised their loss, and gave vent accordingly.'

At the same time, the circumstances, if touching, were not without a dash of the ludicrous; but they show how warmly attached the Black Watch were to one who from the rank of subaltern had risen steadily to be their colonel, and was now to leave them for the command of a brigade. Many a man among them wished he had the chance to accompany him.

The regiment was at the time camped out for summer quarters at Strensall camp, about five miles from York. On the evening of a hot July day, when Colonel Wauchope was to leave for the Soudan, there was an open mess among the officers, and the health and prosperity of their departing colonel was enthusiastically drunk. It was arranged that he was to go south by the midnight train at York, and as the evening hours sped on, the regiment as usual retired to their tents to rest for the night, after tuck of drum. They did not, however, retire to

sleep, for no sooner were the wheels of the Colonel's carriage heard than there was a general move. It was a little after twelve o'clock, and the men were stripped and in bed. But in an instant every tent was astir, and like a swarm of bees the whole regiment broke loose. Every tent belched forth its quota of excited men, and without taking time to dress they had surrounded the carriage, cheering, and enthusiastically shaking hands with their departing chief. Many of them, with only their night-shirts on, ran after the carriage a considerable distance, still cheering as they went along! It was such a send-off as few officers ever experienced.

CHAPTER IX

THE SOUDAN—BATTLES OF ATBARA AND OMDURMAN—ARRIVAL HOME—RECEPTION AT NIDDRIE—DEGREE OF LL.D.—PAROCHIAL DUTIES—PARLIAMENTARY CONTEST FOR SOUTH EDINBURGH.

ONCE more Wauchope found himself on the way to the front for active service, this time back to the scene of his former exploits in the Soudan. Matters there, ever since the withdrawal of the British and Egyptian troops in 1885, when the then all-conquering Mahdi took Khartoum and slew the gallant General Gordon, had gone on from bad to worse. Over-running the whole valley of the Nile, the Egyptian boundary-line had been much circumscribed, and was now fixed as far north as Wady Halfa, the prophet holding almost undisputed sway over the whole Soudan, except that part of it contiguous to the Red Sea in the neighbourhood of Suakim. On the death of the Mahdi in 1885, his tomb at Omdurman became a sanctuary, round which the faithful gathered themselves. Under the sway of his successor, Khalifa Abdullahi of the Baggara tribe, cruelty and oppression ground down with iron hand every neighbouring tribe. Military despotism stamped out commerce, and trade and agriculture; the people were ruined, and slaughter and devastation ruled where formerly there had been prosperity and peace.

Even Egypt was not safe from the inroads of the Dervish host, attempts being made several times to invade its borders; but Tokar was their utmost limit. In 1892, Colonel Horatio Herbert Kitchener recaptured that town, but no further attempt was made to regain lost ground till 1896, when that officer, now Major-General and Sirdar, or Commander of the Egyptian army, received orders to advance up the Nile for the reconquest of the Soudan. The days of Egypt's weakness were past, for during the interval between this and Tel-el-Kebir, when the then wretched Egyptian army was smashed to pieces, English officers had been actively licking into shape a new native force. Drill and discipline, combined with growing confidence in their officers, had in those years built up an army able and willing to dare anything. The Sirdar was ready to fight the Khalifa, but he realised that in an invasion of the Soudan the real enemy to be faced was the Soudan itself —'its barrenness which refuses food, and its vastness which paralyses transport.'

These were the problems to be overcome by the general who would conquer the Soudan and plant his flag on the walls of Khartoum.

Science and engineering skill came to the rescue, and with these under the guidance of a marvellous military genius that took in every situation, and turned it to his advantage, the enterprise was ultimately crowned with success. Hitherto military movements in the Soudan had been either by camels and weary foot trudging, or by boats on the Nile. Kitchener determined upon Wolseley's idea of crossing the desert between Wady Halfa and Abu-Hammed, but not by camels. He resolved to do it by rail, and to build the railway as they marched. It was a bold stroke. This is how it was done. Starting from

Wady Halfa, a surveying party set out for ten miles or so, making a rough survey of the lie of the ground, marking as they went the proposed course; about five miles behind the surveying parties came working parties 1200 strong, levelling and embanking where necessary. Two miles behind these came 550 platelayers, and half a mile after them a gang of 400 men to lift, straighten, and ballast the line. One mile behind these again came 400 men to put on the finishing touches, and the line was complete, but ever progressing to its ultimate terminus, carrying forward its own materials of rails and sleepers, as well as supplies for troops on the march. The credit of this great work was largely due to the young lieutenants of the Royal Engineers under the direction of Lieutenant Girouard, a Canadian officer.

It was steady, plodding work; slow, perhaps, as a fighting campaign, but every mile of advance the army made sure of its position, and was kept within touch of Cairo. The campaign of 1897 found the greater part of the Sirdar's force as far as Ed-Damer, seven miles beyond the junction of the Nile and the Atbara river.

Here a strong camp was formed and preparations were made for encountering the enemy who were massing some distance up the Nile at Matemneh, under Mahmoud, the son of the Khalifa, and old Osman Digna. These joined forces at Shendi, about half-way between Berber and Khartoum, their strength being about eighteen thousand men.

General Kitchener, leading and directing every movement, returned from Cairo in December 1897, having arranged with the British Government for the sending out of a small British force to assist the Egyptian troops already in the field.

These were at once granted, and the reserve British force at Cairo, consisting of the 1st Warwicks, 1st Lincolns, and 1st Cameron Highlanders, left for the front, their places being taken by several regiments sent out from England.

With such generals as Hunter and Hector Macdonald the Sirdar had worked his way up the Nile valley, overcoming all difficulties, with his Egyptian force of some ten thousand men and forty-six guns. The arrival of the British Division in two brigades under General Gatacre in March and April added largely to the strength of the force. The command of the First Division of the British Brigade was given to Colonel Wauchope, now promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. How different his journey up the Nile on this occasion from his experience fourteen years before with the weary whale-boats! Now, thanks to the energy of the Sirdar, he could travel to Berber in a saloon carriage. Speaking of this afterwards, he said he was never so struck in his life as when he saw that railway across the desert, which did so much for the expedition.

And now for the enemy. Mahmoud was discovered securely, as he thought, entrenched some seventeen miles up the river from Abador, or about forty from Atbara camp; and it was not fitting, notwithstanding the difficulties of transport by camels for twelve thousand men, that so large a British force should sit down within so short a distance of an enemy and not attempt to drive him out of his position. The forward order was given, and on 8th April, after a long night-march, the troops found themselves facing Mahmoud's zareba at Nakheila, on the Atbara.

The story of the attack has been given with all the graphic skill of an eye-witness, by G. W. Steevens in his book, *With Kitchener to Khartoum*. When the sun rose

behind the Sirdar's men, it revealed a stockade made up of timber, and a ten-foot hedge of camel-thorn, with entrenchments behind—a formidable enough obstacle to face. Without delay arrangements were made for the attack. The enemy's base rested on the river, and the Sirdar, determined that he should not escape, formed his force in a semi-circle round him. At 6.20 the first gun announced the advent of battle, and for an hour and twenty minutes Mahmoud's zareba was pounded with shot, shell, and rocket, after which the Egyptian and British troops advanced to the attack all along the line. Maxwell's, Macdonald's, and Hunter's Egyptians deployed on the right. Gatacre's British Division, with General Wauchope in command of the 1st Brigade, had the Cameron Highlanders in the place of honour, formed in line along their whole front; then, in columns of their eight companies, the Lincolns on the right, the Seaforths in the centre, and the Warwicks—two companies short—on the left. The orders to these were, not to advance till it was certain the Dervish cavalry, hovering to the left of the zareba, would not charge in flank. Behind all was Lewis's brigade ready for any emergency that might occur. Stirring addresses having been made by the leading officers, the Sirdar called upon the men to 'remember Gordon,' and all being ready, 'the word came, and the men sprang up. The squares shifted into fighting formations; at one impulse, in one superb sweep, nearly twelve thousand men moved forward towards the enemy. All England and all Egypt, and the flower of the black lands beyond, Birmingham and the West Highlands, the half-regenerated children of the earth's earliest civilisation, and grinning savages from the uttermost swamps of Equatoria, muscle and machinery, lord and larrikin,

Balliol and the Board School, the Sirdar's brain and the camel's back—all welded into one, the awful war machine went forward into action.'

The Camerons no sooner got the word to advance than, with a wild rush, the pipers meanwhile playing 'The March of the Cameron Men,' they made for the zareba some three hundred yards ahead. Forward and forward, midst a rain of bullets, they reached the hedge of camel-thorn. In a few moments it was torn to pieces and scattered like brushwood, Gatacre and Wauchope being among the first to lay hands on the obstruction, and the Highlanders were inside the stockade and in the trenches, where now sprang out of the earth dusty, black, half-naked shapes, running and turning to shoot, but running away. 'It was a wild confusion of Highlanders, purple tartan, and black green too, for now the Seaforths had brought their perfect columns through the teeth of the fire, and were charging in at the gap.' The enemy scarcely waited to fight, so impetuous was the rush upon them, and they fled in the utmost confusion for the river, where they were cut down by the pursuing cavalry, and General Lewis's half brigade of Egyptians.

In the attack on the right, the Egyptian troops, led by British officers under Generals Hunter, Maxwell, and Macdonald, behaved with great gallantry, carrying all before them. The ground was easier on their side than that covered by Gatacre's and Wauchope's men, and they entered the zareba a few minutes before the Highlanders, not a man flinching from the encounter. The battle of the Atbara—thanks to British discipline and drill—definitely placed the blacks and the once contemned Egyptians in the ranks of the very best troops in the world. In forty minutes the Dervish host had been driven

out of their lair, thousands of them had been killed, and four thousand, including their leader Mahmoud, were prisoners in the Sirdar's hands. The way was now so far open to Khartoum, but the opportunity was not yet.

Reserves and supplies were needed, and a strong base had still to be secured before the final advance on the Khalifa's capital could be attempted. The whole force, British and Egyptian, accordingly retraced their steps down the Atbara river to El Hudi, where they struck across the desert to the various camps they had formerly occupied at Kenur, Darmali, Assilem, Berber, and Fort Atbara, at the junction of the rivers.

Wauchope's 1st Brigade of British, viz. the Camerons, the Lincolns, Seaforths, and Maxim battery resumed their quarters at Darmali, where they remained throughout the summer. By the month of August, however, casualties in action, and deaths and invalidings from sickness, had brought down the strength of the brigade, though officers and men upon the whole stood the climate well. 'The sick-list had never touched six per cent. There were not fifty graves in the cemetery; and most of the faces at the mess table were familiar.' The Lincolns, who had come up over 1100 strong, still had 980; the other three battalions were each about 750 strong, and the Warwicks were expecting a further draft of men. The total strength of Wauchope's brigade would thus come to nearly 3500 men.

The forward movement began on 3rd August, regiment after regiment first concentrating at Atbara fort, then being shipped by steamer up the Nile to Shabluka, where they were to reform and make the remainder of the journey in six marches on the west bank to Omdurman. Even with several steamers at the Sirdar's disposal it

was a tedious business, and occupied nearly a month. Wauchope's brigade passed up in the steamers on the 14th August, a four days' voyage, and on the 23rd, when paraded with the 2nd Brigade, they were reported as 'in splendid condition.'

On the 25th August, the 1st Brigade marched out of Wad Hamed, and the scene is described by one who saw it as a most imposing spectacle. The four battalions of which it was composed moved off with their baggage at the bugle-call, taking the road in four parallel columns. 'Many of the men were bearded, and all were tanned with the sun, acclimatised by a summer in the country, hardened by perpetual labours, and confident from the recollection of victory—a magnificent force, which any man might be proud to accompany into the field.' General Wauchope's men were worthy of their commander, and it was, we may be sure, with no little elation that he stepped out with them that day on the way to their final triumph.

Keeping his forces well in hand, the Sirdar had the whole army encamped at Wadi Abid on the evening of the 29th, the British Division marching in by moonlight. They were now within twenty-eight miles of Omdurman, and the two following days' marches brought them within touch of the enemy and in sight of the Mahdi's tomb.

The 2nd of September saw the last stand for Mahdism and its complete overthrow.

Resting their base upon the river, where they were supported by five gun-boats, the British formed their camp within a few miles of Omdurman, the Sirdar taking the precaution to entrench in case of surprise. Early in the morning the Khalifa brought out his whole force, computed to be about fifty thousand men, making a dead

onset upon the British position. If overpowering numbers could have achieved victory he had it in his grasp.

But British coolness and pluck won the day. The Dervish host on horseback swept the plain with a rush that no infantry could have withstood. 'They came very fast, and they came very straight; and then presently they came no further. With a crash the bullets leaped out of the British rifles,' Egyptians, Englishmen, and Highlanders pouring out death as fast as they could load and press trigger; while shrapnel whistled and Maxims growled savagely.

We need not describe the details of the fighting. The Khalifa's attack was speedily turned into a rout, though many a brave stand was made by the Dervish host. Attacked on two sides, the British force gradually spread itself out like an opening fan, under admirable handling by their generals. At a critical point in the engagement, when Generals Hunter and Macdonald in the front were being threatened by an outflanking movement of the enemy's cavalry, Hunter sent for Wauchope's 1st Brigade to fill the gap between Macdonald on the right and Lewis on the left. The request went to General Gatacre first instead of the Sirdar; but with the soldier's instinct he immediately set the Brigade in motion. Wauchope, cool as a statue, took in the situation at once, and moved his men forward as if on parade, while the Lincolns and the Warwicks under his command—said to be the best shooting regiments in the British army—did great execution, and effectually kept the enemy at bay. They saved the position, for, as one correspondent has said, 'It was the very crux and crisis of the fight. If Macdonald went, Lewis on his left, and Collinson and the supporting camel-corps and the newly returned cavalry, all on his right or

rear must all go too.' Exposed to a withering fire, the enemy were unable to withstand the steady discipline of our men. Defeated on all sides, the Khalifa turned and fled. Then was the time for our cavalry. With a dash the 21st Lancers made for the retreating foe, pursuing and slaughtering up to the walls of Omdurman. The bravery of the Dervishes was unquestionable. They literally threw themselves upon the British lines, only to be overwhelmed in a common ruin. Over 11,000 of the enemy were killed, 16,000 wounded, and 4000 were taken prisoners, and this by an army numbering not more than 22,000 men. On the Anglo-Egyptian side the losses were comparatively light, killed and wounded not amounting to above 500.

General Wauchope was fortunate on this occasion in coming out of the engagement without a scratch. In some respects the battle of Omdurman has been described as 'a less brilliant affair than the Atbara. On the other hand it was more complex, more like a modern battle. The Atbara took more fighting, Omdurman more generalship. Success in each was complete and crushing.' Mahdism was no more. It died well. 'It had earned its death by its iniquities, it had condoned its iniquities by its death.' Gordon was avenged. And not only so, it was the dawn of a new era for the long down-trodden Soudan, so that it might in future be a country fit to live in.

We have already referred to General Wauchope's attachment to Scottish Presbyterianism, and told how loyally and consistently he adhered to the Church of his fathers. From the days when he was an ensign, it was known among his brother officers as a *casus belli* to speak slightingly to him of his Church. He would stand up for Presbyterianism, and would suffer for it if necessary, when its claims were in danger of being thrust into the background. A difficulty

of this kind arose after the taking of Omdurman, and it is interesting to note how he acted. Orders had been given to all the chaplains, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Anglican, for a combined Gordon Memorial Service at Khartoum. The Anglican chaplain in Wauchope's division intimated, however, that he would take no part in it if the Presbyterian chaplain were to share in the function. The General used what persuasion he could to move the chaplain to a broader view of things, declaring that he would not displace the Presbyterian, whom he considered one of the best of men. He was, he said, a Presbyterian himself, along with most of his regiment. At last, when persuasion failed, and the Anglican still held his point, the General said, 'then there is nothing for me but to report you to my General of Division.' When General Gatacre heard the story he reported the affair to the Sirdar, who called the three chaplains—Presbyterian, Anglican, and Roman Catholic—and said laconically, something like this: 'You are each under orders, and the man who disobeys must fall to the rear.' This settled the question; all of them took a part. The Memorial Service and the formal entry into Omdurman and Khartoum, taken part in by all the troops, were most impressive spectacles. These over, arrangements were at once made for the withdrawal of the greater part of the army.

The troops returned immediately down the Nile, the British regiments being shipped for England, where they arrived in the early part of October. A hearty welcome greeted their arrival, all classes of society vying with one another in heaping honours upon them.

General Wauchope hurried home so soon as he was relieved of his official duties, and after a short visit to

Yetholm, where he was received with great enthusiasm, he and Mrs. Wauchope set out for Niddrie on Monday, 10th October, by train from Kelso.

It was only on the Saturday previous that the villagers of New Craighall heard that the General was to return, but short as was the time for preparation, the determination to give him a hearty welcome was so enthusiastically proceeded with that when he did reach it, the rather quiet and dreary exterior of the village presented quite a festive appearance. Triumphal arches, flags, and streamers floated in the breeze, and wreaths of flowers and evergreens were everywhere visible. It was the home-coming of a victor, beloved by his neighbours, and well known beyond the limits of his demesne.

At the Newhailes station, which was also gaily adorned, the General and Mrs. Wauchope were received on alighting from the train by quite a crowd of friends, among others being Sir Charles Dalrymple and the Misses Dalrymple, Mrs. Arbuthnot and Miss Muir, Councillor and Mrs. Cranston, Edinburgh, Rev. A. Prentice, Rev. R. Burnett, Liberton, Mrs. General Hoggan, and Ex-Provost Young, Loanhead, with the whole village, men, women, and children at their back.

It was a good-humoured, enthusiastic crowd, and at a convenient part of the road the horses were unyoked from his carriage and their places supplied by hundreds of willing miners, who dragged the carriage up to the gate of Niddrie Marischal, where it was given over to the tenantry.

The procession was a long one, and was headed by the school children, preceded by the local pipe band. Then came the Niddrie brass band, playing 'See the Conquering Hero comes,' and after them appeared the members of

the 'A. G. Wauchope' Lodge of Shepherds, bearing aloft their banner with his portrait on it. The incidents of the march were many. Some were amusing, some were pathetic, but all told of the loyalty and enthusiasm of the people among whom the General had his home. Bunting was displayed on all hands. Women and children cheered vociferously. At the square of the village the first halt was made, and an address of welcome in name of the villagers was presented by Mr. Robert Wilson, one of their number, in which expression was made of their pride in the distinguished place the General had held in the Soudan war, of their joy at his safe return from a battle-field where the mention of his services by the Sirdar in his despatches for the special consideration of the Queen had caused them the utmost gratification.

General Wauchope, who was apparently unprepared for such a manifestation of public feeling, made the following reply:—'I can assure you that the splendid reception you have accorded me is one which I shall never forget. I know very well that much of it is owing to the fact that we have been neighbours now for many a long year, and there is nothing that gave me greater pride and satisfaction than being told two or three years ago that the people of New Craighall looked upon me as being one of themselves. In addition to that, there is another feeling that has prompted you in this reception, and it is that in me you recognised one—a humble one, perhaps, but still one—of those who tried to serve his country under, perhaps, difficult circumstances; and something is also due to the fact that we have been completely successful in planting our standards on the ruined palaces of Khartoum. At Yetholm I said, and I am going to say it again, that fact alone would be a great gain to civilisation and to the world.

If the Dervish power had been continued for any length of time, hundreds and, perhaps, hundreds of thousands of people who in the future will have a chance of living in comfort and peace, would never have been able to live at all. It was a power based on murder, rapine, and cruelty, and it was our bounden duty to put an end to that power, because Great Britain was responsible for the condition of things that existed in that part of the world. Scotland was well represented at the battle of Khartoum by two of our Highland regiments. (Here a voice shouted out, "Scotland Yet!") Yes, Scotland yet, and Scotland for ever, will be the cry; and I can speak for those two battalions that they in no way went behind from what other regiments had done in other fields of our great empire; and you may be sure of this, that our Scottish regiments will always be able to show that high and distinguished valour and discipline for which they have so long been noted. . . . It would almost seem by the splendid reception you have given me here, and which I have had in another part of Scotland, that you thought I had played a very great part in the campaign. I feel bound, as an honest man, to disabuse you of such a misapprehension. The campaign was carried out by a very great man, the Sirdar, Lord Kitchener, who is a man of great ability, and who in the future undoubtedly will shine as one of our great soldiers. The campaign was a marvel of organisation. It was marvellous how that railway was made across the desert. Great credit was due to the Sirdar, but I should like also to bring before you another name—that of the general of our division—General Gatacre, whose constant care and great power of leading men aided the successful issue of events. There is still another man I should like to mention. He is a Scotsman, General Macdonald, who led one of the

Egyptian brigades. He got his chance, and he was able to take it, and certainly by his tactics, by his coolness, by his perception at the proper moment, he had a great deal to do with the success of the day; and it was a great satisfaction to myself to be able with the brigade under my command to go and support him on a somewhat critical occasion.'

He concluded his address by a humorous reference which pleased an audience of miners: to the effect that in the near future he hoped the line to Khartoum would be supplied with coal from the Niddrie pits! As the cavalcade proceeded, presentations of bouquets of flowers, wreaths of laurel, and other kindly greetings marked the General's way. At the entrance-hall of Niddrie Marischal, Mr. Thomas Skirving of Niddrie Mains, on behalf of himself and the tenantry, presented an address of welcome. This was feelingly replied to by the General in a few well-chosen words, concluding as follows:—'No Roman emperor coming from a victorious campaign could have been half so well received as I to-day have been, and as long as I live I can never forget it. If there is one thing that makes a man nerve himself to accomplish a difficult task, it is the thought that he is thought well of by the people in the midst of whom he lives. I cannot tell you all I feel—I should be more than human if I could.'

It may here be mentioned that General Wauchope brought home with him one of the Khalifa's banners which had been given to him by General Macdonald as a memento of his timely assistance at the battle of Omdurman. It is of white damur cotton, with a line of Arabic in blue across its face inscribed, 'Mohammed Ahmed el Mahdi Kalifat er Rasul.' On a gold band on the staff is the inscription, 'September 1898. They were brave

foemen, these Dervishes.' This and other trophies now find a resting-place in Niddrie Marischal.

A time of busy activity in metropolitan and county affairs followed General Wauchope's return home, and his high place as a public man was now universally recognised. His services were largely in request specially in connection with public and social functions of various kinds,—opening of bazaars of ladies' work, inspecting boys' brigades, presiding at lectures and concerts, school board work, county council work, and his duties as an elder of the Church of Scotland—these all engrossed much of his attention and a large share of his time during the winter and spring following his return from the Soudan.

Honours also were heaped upon him on all sides, but without in any way marring his simplicity of character, or causing him to be any the less the plain, free and easy approachable man he ever was, even to the meanest hodman. To high and low alike he was ever courteous and considerate, and he most willingly lectured, or presided at lectures, concerts, or meetings of friendly societies, wherever he thought he could be useful. For his distinguished services in the Soudan campaign Wauchope was now promoted from Brigadier to the rank of Major-General, and towards the end of November 1898 he received the Queen's commands to attend at Windsor Castle, and had the privilege on that occasion of dining with Her Majesty along with his brother officer Sir William Gatacre —not the first time he had been similarly honoured.

Of course every other engagement must give way to a summons of this kind; and Major-General Wauchope's presence at a meeting in Dalkeith on the evening of the same day had to be dispensed with, though much to the disappointment of those who had come to hear him speak.

At bazaars he was always happy in his remarks, and whether the object were the building of a new church, or a manse, or getting up funds for a drill hall, he commended it with earnestness and wit, and at the same time did not stint his own contribution to the cause. On one of these occasions he was appropriately introduced to the company by Dr. Gray of Liberton 'as a sincere Christian, a true-hearted gentleman, a brave soldier, and a modest man.'

In the work of the Boys' Brigade and Volunteer gatherings he was delighted to give his support, and was frequently asked to take a part in their meetings both at New Craighall and Portobello.

It was so characteristic of the outspoken candour of his nature, that his inspections were not matters of formal display, or the mere occasion of fulsome praise. Drill to him was business; and he was quick to detect faults, and if needful correct them. Once at an open-air inspection of the Portobello Company of the Boys' Brigade, after a thorough examination of the lads, he addressed them upon the various points of drill, and emphasised certain weaknesses noticed by him; for, as he expressed it, 'he did not come there to tell them they were the best creatures on earth, for he did not believe they were. Taking all things into consideration, he thought they did very well, but they might do better.' The spectators were somewhat amused at the critical attitude of the General, but it was none the less appreciated, for on this subject an ounce of criticism from him was worth a ton of praise from any other person.

The same qualities of thoroughness and close application characterised General Wauchope's conduct in the School Board and Parish Council of Liberton, of both of which he was for some time a member. He was specially

interested in the education of the young, and spent much time making himself acquainted with the intricacies of the code and details of school management, and on a recent occasion it is recalled how at the annual visit of the Government Inspector, he followed close upon the Inspector's heels during his visit, in order that he might fully comprehend the whole system of public school education, and make himself familiar with its requirements.

On one occasion, in the absence of the chairman, Major Gordon Gilmour, he was called upon to preside at a meeting of the School Board, but having ridden over from Niddrie House to Liberton Church—in the vestry of which the meeting was held—in riding costume, with top boots, spurs, riding-breeches, etc., he was reluctant to pose as chairman. Yielding to pressure, he, however, at length consented, jocularly appealing to the reporters not to *take off* his coat, or mention his costume in their report!

In the routine of parochial work the General took his full share, and never shirked discussions on even the smallest details of poor relief.

While he did not care to bulk largely in the public eye, and was specially desirous that his private benefactions should be known as little as possible, yet it was well understood that he was an unobtrusive but most liberal benefactor to the district. Dr. Andrew Balfour of Portobello gives the following instance. 'I remember well,' he says, 'that ere he went out to Egypt as captain in the Black Watch, during the Arabi Pasha rebellion, he said to me, "Now, Balfour, I will trust to you to let me know of anything going on at Niddrie in which I can lend a helping hand." It so happened at that time we started reading and recreation rooms for the miners, so I wrote to him, as he desired, with the result that he at once sent

me a kind letter and an order for £25 to help the scheme.'

His private benefactions were as a rule administered with praiseworthy discrimination, as the following incident will show. Two little boys had been caught pilfering coal and were lodged in jail. On the circumstance being reported to the General, he visited the little fellows in prison, and learning the circumstances of their family, and that their mother was a poor, struggling, hard-working widow, he at once sent her half a ton of coals, and the boys were liberated.

On the 14th April 1899, General Wauchope had conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Edinburgh. The spring graduation ceremonial in which arts, science, and law degrees are conferred, is generally of an interesting character, but on this occasion it was more than usually imposing. This was owing in some measure to its being performed in the recently opened M'Ewan Hall, an adjunct of the University, and the handsomest hall in the city; but more especially from the fact that like honorary degrees were to be conferred at the same time on Lord Wolseley, the Marquis of Dufferin, and other distinguished men.

It was a magnificent spectacle, and the large audience which crowded the spacious hall at an early hour in the forenoon cordially greeted the General as he ascended the rostrum to receive the degree from his father-in-law, Sir William Muir, who as vice-chancellor presided on the occasion.

In formally presenting him to the Senatus, Professor Sir Ludovic Grant took occasion to say: 'It is a fortunate coincidence that a graduation ceremonial which is honoured with the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, should also

include among its distinguished guests one who is so noble an embodiment of all that is best and bravest in the British Army, as is to be found in General Wauchope. Here in Scotland his name is a household word, synonymous with high courage and devotion to duty. It were superfluous to recall the occasions on which their gallant commander has led the Black Watch to victory, or to rehearse the long tale of all his exploits and all but mortal wounds. But it is not in his capacity as a soldier only that he does with his might that which his right hand finds to do. There is not a miner in the village of Niddrie who will not testify to the watchful guardianship which he exercises over his people. He has thrown himself with characteristic zest into public affairs, and we all know that the battle of the warrior is not the only form of contest in which he has shown himself a dauntless foeman. The University rejoices to inscribe the name of so gallant and public-spirited a soldier on her roll of honorary graduates in law.'

That General Wauchope had not only won his spurs but his doctor's hood in fair fight goes without saying. His military services could not refuse him the former; and it says much for the discrimination of the great Scottish University that it should have discerned in one whose scholastic education was of the smallest, and who certainly had not the benefit of a university training, a fitting subject for so great an honour as it conferred. But the Senatus recognised this fact, that his life all through had been an educational training, equal at least to all the learning of the schools. A life of hard experience well utilised has often achieved great results, as in Wauchope's case it did.

But honours of this kind did not turn his head, or cause

him to forget the commoner duties of life, or lessen his interest in others. He could and did sympathise with distress and trouble, and even the brute creation were not forgotten by him, as the following instance will show. Lord Wolseley arrived in Edinburgh the day preceding the graduation ceremony, and was the guest of General Wauchope at Niddrie. One evening the two officers were taking a walk together round the grounds. As they passed the cottage door of one of his tenants, the man's daughter was noticed to be leading a horse which was labouring under a severe attack of inflammation. Wauchope at once stopped and inquired of the girl what was the matter, and on being informed, the two commanders were soon as much engrossed in the discussion of the poor animal's malady, and the best remedy for it, as if it had been a question of important military strategy.

One other event in civil life gave General Wauchope in the summer of this year considerable notoriety. On the sudden death in June of Mr. Robert Cox, the member for South Edinburgh, he was, at the urgent request of the Unionist party, induced once more to enter the lists as a candidate for parliamentary honours against Mr. Arthur Dewar, advocate, who represented the Liberal party.

The contest was a short one, but while it lasted it was sharp, for both the candidates and their supporters threw themselves into it with vigour and earnestness.

As in his famous campaign against Mr. Gladstone, the chief feature of the General's policy was the integrity of the Empire, as opposed to the cry of Home Rule for Ireland, and although other subjects formed a part of his programme, still that was for him the root question of all others at the time.

At a largely attended meeting of his supporters, held

on the 9th June, Mr. John Harrison, the chairman, in formally nominating him for the vacancy, spoke of the name of Wauchope 'as one which stirred the blood of every one who had any pride in his country. He was known wherever the English language was spoken. Wherever the British went he was known as a gallant soldier, who had done his duty to his country in many climes and in many circumstances, as a soldier of the Crown. He was known in a narrower sphere all over Scotland as an honourable politician, who fought some years ago a good fight in Midlothian. He fought an uphill fight—what some considered an impossible fight—and in losing it he scored a tremendous success. But he was also known as a good neighbour, whose ancestors had resided at Niddrie for centuries back.'

General Wauchope's speeches at this and various other meetings, held almost daily for the following two weeks, were of a most stirring nature, but were always characterised by courtesy towards opponents, and the utmost frankness in stating his opinions. He scorned to 'hedge' a question to secure votes, and when challenged with being a Tory, and therefore ineligible for a Liberal constituency, he boldly took up the challenge. 'Mr. Dewar had said he was a Tory. (A voice, "Quite right.") Quite right. Yes. Mr. Dewar was quite right. He never said he was wrong. He often wondered why there should be any disgrace in being called a Tory. Who had done most for the working classes in days gone by? Who passed the Factory Acts? Did Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright pass the Factory Acts? No; it was the Tory party—that party which had been so much abused.' At another time, referring to free speech, he said: 'He knew there were many in the hall opposed to him in politics. There was no use putting the blinkers on that

fact; but he did not see why, though thus opposed, they should not meet together as free citizens of a free city, and have it out thoroughly. He never liked to use the word opponent. He always said "political" opponent, because he found that some of the best friends he had were politically opposed to him. He was pleased to think that in this country more and more both sides were coming together to discuss political affairs in a quiet and proper manner. It was not always so. When he was young, things were much hotter then. There was more powder in the air.'

In reference to our foreign policy, the General spoke in the highest terms of Lord Salisbury's dealing with the Soudan question, as compared with that of Mr. Gladstone's Government, when divisions in the Liberal party had led to so much loss of life and money without corresponding results. And in regard to the Transvaal question, then beginning once more to attract public attention, he insisted strongly that his great anxiety was that peace should be preserved. There was no man, he said, who was a greater lover of peace than he was, but he deprecated the vacillation and weakness and change of policy of 1881 that caused all the trouble then, and from which all the present trouble had arisen. What he wanted to see now was a strong and firm line taken, and he believed matters there would be put right. It could not be to the advantage of the Transvaal that British subjects should be treated as they were being treated now. What he wanted was that their people should be treated as human beings, and have the same voice in the government of the country as was given them in any other civilised country.' He admitted that the Jameson Raid was a most unwise and wicked proceeding, and had done a great deal to damage their

relationship with the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the Dutch portion of South Africa; 'but although that was true, it did not remove the fact that the position of their countrymen in the Transvaal had not been improved. The great mass of them had nothing to do with the Jameson Raid.' They were British subjects, who went out there under the *ægis* of the British Crown, and surely it was their bounden duty as a nation to see that their rights were respected.'

The poll was taken on 19th June, with the result that Mr. Dewar, the Liberal candidate, was returned with a majority of 831 over 4989 votes given for General Wauchope. The General in a manly speech at the close assured his supporters 'they had no cause to be discouraged, for they had only to gird up their loins, and victory would one day rest with them. He felt no bitterness whatever in regard to this fight. He was honoured by their call, and they had told him he had not dishonoured them. They had fought a square fight on both sides, and if he was right in his estimate of the citizens of South Edinburgh, they would very soon put matters right. It was only the difference of 400 men going from the one side to the other, and he would, so far as in him lay, do his very utmost at any time to stand by and aid them.'

It is due to Mr. Dewar to say that he looked upon the General as 'a foeman worthy of his steel.' In returning thanks to his supporters, he frankly acknowledged that 'we have won a victory against the strongest and most gallant opponent that could have been put in the field, and I rejoice to say that the contest has been carried on with the utmost courtesy and good feeling on both sides.' These words, spoken, as it were, in the very heat of the

controversy, were more than confirmed some six months after, when the sad news of the General's death on the battlefield reached Edinburgh.

The annual meeting of the South Edinburgh Liberals—which was intended to be of a social as well as business character—was held on the evening of the 13th December, the very day on which the news came; but instead of going on with the programme of proceedings, it was resolved out of respect for the General's memory only to go through with the ordinary formal business and then adjourn, Mr. Dewar remarking, 'that having regard to the sad intelligence just received, it would be utterly out of place that anything in the nature of a social evening should be held. . . . When he stood before them in that hall a few months ago, he had told them he counted it an honour to be opposed by a soldier so distinguished, and a man so eminent and thoroughly respected as General Wauchope. As the election proceeded, their regard for him increased day by day, and now that he was dead he felt as if they were in the very presence of death; . . . and every one would agree that the proper and respectful course to take was to give their last tribute to a man who was a gallant opponent of theirs, and who became their friend; and they should place upon his grave a wreath of respect and regard.' The chairman, in seconding the proposal, said 'he had frequently come in contact with General Wauchope at the election, and it was remarkable that during the whole contest, however keen it was, their opponent never uttered one single word he had cause to regret. No election,' he added, 'was ever fought with more good feeling than the contest between Mr. Dewar and General Wauchope.' And as showing the entire accord of the large meeting with what had been said, the audience in

silence, and upstanding, signified their sympathy with the resolution, and quietly dispersed.

General Wauchope's political contests were thus characteristic of the man. There was the set purpose, the indomitable will; no shrinking from declaring what he thought was the truth, but an ever dauntless standing up for the right at any hazard, all combined with a modest diffidence of his own personal merits, and the utmost respect and courtesy for his opponents' opinions. It has been said, 'he makes no friend who never made a foe'; but the General had a happy way of turning his political foes into fast friends.

CHAPTER X

OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES IN SOUTH AFRICA—COMMAND OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE—DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA—THE SITUATION—BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN—DEATH—FUNERAL—AFTER THE BATTLE.

ANOTHER and a more stirring field of action was in store for General Wauchope. In several of his election speeches reference, as we have shown, was made to the question then beginning to agitate the public mind, as to our relationship with the Transvaal Republic. It was not thought, however, that the difficulty was of such a nature as could not easily be overcome by diplomatic arrangement. True, the correspondence between Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, and the Transvaal Government had been protracted, and had practically failed in securing any concession in favour of foreign residents in the Transvaal; but few realised how near we were to the verge of a war which has proved one of the greatest and most calamitous of the century.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that when in 1881 the Boers invaded Natal and gained the victories of Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill, Sir Evelyn Wood had ranged his forces for an extended attack upon them and was ready for action; and notwithstanding that Sir Frederick, now Lord Roberts, had reached South Africa with 10,000

additional men, the Government of Mr. Gladstone abandoned their position and hurriedly patched up a peace with Mr. Kruger. All accounts agree that the treaty or 'surrender' after Majuba was regarded by both whites and blacks all over South Africa as an absolute capitulation. It had at all events a most disastrous effect upon British influence there. From that date arose in the Boer mind that most fatal ingredient of racial animosity, contempt. As Kruger afterwards said, 'he had once reckoned with the British army,' and he felt he could safely do so again. The one idea apparently fixed in his mind and growing every day was to get rid of his subordination to the Queen, with a view, as the Transvaal grew in military efficiency, to subvert her power in South Africa altogether, and set up a Dutch Republic.

Owing partly to the poverty of the country until the great influx of British and foreign colonists, generally called 'Uitlanders,' and the development of the gold and diamond mines after 1884-5, the politics of the Transvaal created little or no attention in England till about 1895, when Boer raids into Bechuanaland and elsewhere obliged the British authorities on the spot to protect our Colonial interests against their further advances. But then came the Jameson Raid at the very end of that year, which, though universally condemned both by the British Government and people as an infraction of international law, was yet the outcome of deep-rooted discontent in the Transvaal by the English and other settlers there. The 'Raid' was the turning-point in recent Transvaal history. In the first place, it attracted the attention of the whole civilised world, and placed the Transvaal, the Uitlanders, and the relationship of Great Britain both to the one and to the other in the full glare of day. From

the date of the raid the difficulties of the position were more and more accentuated, and the designs of President Kruger for entire independence were hastened to a consummation. By the Boer government the course of justice was perverted, and the Chief-Justice was made subordinate to the will of the Executive. Owing to insecurity to life and property, mine owners could scarcely get a supply of labourers. Kruger and his Hollanders ran the country for their own benefit. They taxed and plundered the Uitlanders, while neglecting such matters as roads, bridges, railways, sanitary and educational schemes, but took care to arm the Boers while they fattened on monopolies, and kept the Uitlanders from any share in the government. In short, the Transvaal was a Republic in nothing but the name. It was really a corrupt oligarchy, in which a privileged minority made laws to suit themselves, and put the whole burden of taxation on the shoulders of a majority who were deprived of the franchise.

With a largely increased revenue, President Kruger found he could now indulge his hostility to this country and his long-cherished hopes of independence by providing for a possible struggle. As Lord Selborne said, 'the money was used to turn the whole of the Boer population into soldiers; it was used to stock the whole country with millions of cartridges, to buy battery after battery of guns, to buy rifles enough to arm every Boer four or five times over, to build things previously unknown in South Africa, namely, great fortresses in the middle of the country, at Pretoria and at Johannesburg—such fortresses as were not to be seen in England except to guard the public dockyards, and such as could only be seen on the frontier between France and Germany.' The course of the war has abundantly shown that these enormous preparations

had been made in view of other than mere native aggression; that, in fact, nothing less than the entire subversion of British authority over our South African Colonies was to be aimed at.

So intolerable had the oligarchy at Pretoria made the position of the Uitlanders, that these at length petitioned the Queen for some redress of their grievances. This document, signed by 40,000 persons, 21,000 of whom were British subjects in the Transvaal, was handed to the British Agent in Pretoria for transmission to the High Commissioner, and was forwarded by Mr. Conyngham Greene in the ordinary official course to the Government.

The petition showed that for many years discontent had existed among the Uitlanders, who are mostly British subjects. The Uitlanders possessed most of the wealth and intelligence in the country, and they had no voice in its government. In spite of the promises of the Transvaal Government and the petitions addressed to the President, there had been no practical reforms. The discontent culminated in the insurrection of 1895. The people then placed themselves in the hands of the High Commissioner, and President Kruger promised reforms. Since then their position had been worse. Legislation had been unfriendly. The petition cited as examples the Aliens' Immigration Act, withdrawn at the instance of the British Government; the Press Law, giving the President arbitrary powers; the Aliens' Expulsion Law, permitting the expulsion of British subjects at the will of the President without appeal to the High Court, while burghers cannot be expelled, this being contrary to the Convention. The municipality granted to Johannesburg was worthless. It was entirely subject to the Government. Half of the councillors are necessarily burghers, though the

burghers and Uitlanders number 1000 and 23,000 respectively. The Government rejected the report of the Industrial Commission, which was composed of its own officials. The High Court had been reduced to a condition of subservience, the revenues of the country had been diverted for the purpose of building forts at Pretoria and Johannesburg in order to terrorise British subjects; the police were exclusively burghers, ignorant and prejudiced, and were a danger to the community; jurors were necessarily burghers, and justice was impossible in cases where a racial issue might be involved.

The petition went on to state that indignation was finally aroused by the murder of Edgar and the favouritism displayed by the Public Prosecutor. A petition to the Queen, presented by 4000 British subjects, was rejected in consequence of informalities. For taking a leading part in getting up the petition, Messrs. Dodd and Webb were arrested under the Public Meetings Act, and were only released on giving bail of £1000, five times the amount required for the murderer of Edgar. A meeting within a closed place, permitted by law and sanctioned expressly by the Government, was called by the South African League on January 14. This was broken up by an armed and organised band of burghers and police in plain clothes led by Government officials. The police refused to interfere. The behaviour of the British subjects was orderly. They did not retaliate, preferring to lay their grievances before Her Majesty. No arrests were made either of the officials responsible or of the rioters.

The condition of the British subjects, the petition concluded, was intolerable. They were prevented by the direct action of the Government from ventilating their grievances; 'wherefore the petitioners pray Her Majesty

to extend her protection to them, to cause an inquiry to be held into their grievances, to secure the reform of abuses, and to obtain substantial guarantees from the Transvaal Government and a recognition of the petitioners' rights.' This important petition was accompanied by affidavits substantiating the various allegations made in it.

To have refused a petition like this under the circumstances which had arisen, would have been tantamount to resigning the position of paramount power. Negotiations and conferences ensued, in the vain hope of adjusting racial differences, under Boer domination. They came to nothing, and only proved that the Pretoria Government were merely waiting their time to strike a blow which they hoped would for ever terminate British authority in South Africa. The opportunity, they thought, had at length come, and on Monday the 9th October an ultimatum of the most insolent nature was presented to the British Government, demanding not only the immediate withdrawal of our troops on the borders of the Republic, but that all reinforcements which had arrived since 1st June should be removed from South Africa. Not only so, but that any of Her Majesty's troops now on the high seas should not be landed in any part of our colonies! To these requirements an immediate answer in the affirmative was demanded 'not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesday'! No more ridiculous message has been received by the British Government for over one hundred years. Her Majesty's Government declined to discuss the conditions of the ultimatum, but expressed regret that the Transvaal Government should contemplate so extreme and so serious a step as war. The invasion of Natal by the Boers followed at once, and the Orange Free State, though in no way involved in the matter in dispute, gratuitously sided with the

Pretoria Government, and an invasion of Cape Colony was made later on chiefly by the Free Staters. With great boldness and, it must be said, with much military skill, the Boer forces seized the passes, attacked the small garrisons on the frontiers, and after several successes and defeats they finally settled down to besiege Ladysmith in Natal, and Kimberley and Mafeking in Cape Colony—sieges which will be long memorable in the history of British South Africa.

The war had only proceeded for about a week when General Wauchope received a commission to command the Third or Highland Brigade, forming part of the western column under General Lord Methuen for the relief of Kimberley and Mafeking. This position was undoubtedly the highest honour he had achieved, and its acquisition afforded him the utmost satisfaction. He was residing at Niddrie at the time, and as soon as it became known that he was ordered to the front, there was a general desire among the miners and villagers that he should have a suitable 'send-off,' and some arrangements had actually been made for the occasion. But time was short, and besides, the General, always a modest man, shrank from publicity where he would be the central figure, and he would not consent to it.

This, however, did not prevent him saying farewell to his old friends. Amid all the bustle of preparation he found time to call at the cottages of not a few in the grounds and in the village, to shake hands with their inmates before he left; not, it is said, without forebodings that it was for the last time. To a friend in Edinburgh who, in saying 'good-bye,' expressed the hope that he would soon be back again with fresh laurels, he replied with a shake of the head, 'I don't half like the job we

have got; we have a very hard nut to crack with these Boers.' On Sunday, the 8th October, the General and Mrs. Wauchope attended as usual the service in New Craighall Parish Church. It forms a part of the parish of Liberton, and the church was erected chiefly for the large mining portion of the population at the east end of the parish, in which the General took so much interest. He liked the simple, natural, artless form of the Presbyterian service, and as his minister has since remarked, 'We know how reverently and heartily he worshipped, and the pleasure he had in hearing and in joining in the singing of the old psalms and paraphrases, without any accompaniment.' It was his last quiet Sabbath in Scotland. With a view to avoid fuss he slipped away that evening by rail for London, without some of his nearest friends knowing he was off, to see to the embarkation of his brigade.

The Highland Brigade was made up of the Seaforth Highlanders, the Second Battalion Royal Highlanders (or Black Watch), and the Gordon Highlanders—three crack Scotch regiments, which any man might have been proud to command. The two first embarked for South Africa at Tilbury Fort on the 21st and 22nd October in the transports *Mongolian* and *Orient* respectively, the total equipment in the latter being about 1200 officers and men, including staff of a cavalry brigade, medical corps, etc. These were followed a fortnight later by the Gordons under Colonel Downman from Edinburgh, among the citizens of which city officers and men had earned an honoured name.

General Wauchope joined the transport *Aurania* at Southampton on 23rd October, and some of his letters written on the eve of embarkation are touching illustrations of kindly interest in others, and specially in those

dependent on him. To his old friend and colonel in the first Soudan Expedition, Colonel Bayly, he writes:—

'My dear old Colonel,—Many thanks for your kind and affectionate letter. I wish you were going out in charge of the brigade. I shall sadly miss your wise counsels. Well, I will do my best; and this I know, whether I succeed or fail, you will stick up for me.—Yours ever, A. G. Wauchope.'

To Mr. Martin, the manager of the Niddrie Collieries, he wrote as follows:—

'Southampton, *23rd October* 1899.

'I am just about to embark. Please go and see Mrs. Wauchope when she gets back. She will act for me at all times in my spirit. I hope you understand about the send-off. I hate fuss. Give my love to all my numerous friends in the works. I hope "Klondyke" [one of the new workings] will prosper and flourish. I hope the war will soon be over. Symons is a terrible loss. He was one of our best. [General Symons fell at the battle of Glencoe in Natal, 20th October.] The British officer and soldier is showing to the world that they are not behind their fathers in the days of the Peninsula and Waterloo. I hope all may continue so to do, and then make it up with the Boers, who really must be reasonable. We have no grudge against them, beyond that we cannot allow a Dutchman to be worth three Scotsmen.—Ever yours,

A. G. Wauchope.'

To his head gardener, Mr. Alexander, also dated from Southampton on 23rd October, he writes:—'Dear Alexander, we are just off. . . . Please convey to all our men and women my thanks for their faithful service to me, and

that I will hope to see them soon again.—Yours very truly, A. G. WAUCHOPE.'

That amid all the bustle of preparing to embark he should still have time for loving thoughts of Niddrie and 'the old folks at home,' and should at the last moment take the trouble to write such kindly words, speaks eloquently of the affection in his breast for all that he had left behind in Scotland.

The *Aurania* took out with her the 1st Battalion of Highland Light Infantry, and Wauchope was accompanied by Captain Rennie of the Black Watch, as his *aide-de-camp*. The Black Watch in another vessel reached Table Bay two or three days after the General's arrival, and were at once entrained for De-Aar by half-battalions, so that until he joined them a week or two afterwards, the General had had no opportunity of coming in touch with his old regiment since his appointment to the division. Major Duff, who was with the Black Watch at De-Aar, speaks of their meeting as a remarkable one. 'I went up,' he says, 'in command of the leading half-battalion, and when the men first saw the General, their reception of him was a most truly enthusiastic one. They cheered him over and over again, and it reminded one of their send-off to him at York, as they had not seen him since then.'

While the British Government were thus hurrying forward troops to the seat of war with all despatch, weeks of course elapsed before they could be in a position to meet the invaders.

The Boers in strong force, and evidently well prepared, had actively assumed the aggressive, and in consequence of the unexpected declaration of war by Presidents Kruger and Steyn, the northern part of Cape Colony bordering

upon the Orange Free State was for a time practically defenceless. Taking advantage of this fact, the Boers had advanced boldly across the frontier, attacking many of our towns and villages, and formally annexing them to the Free State. The arrival of British troops at the Cape in November to some extent arrested this invasion, and as troops were poured into the Colony in quick succession, Generals French, Gatacre, and Methuen found themselves ultimately in a position to assume the offensive, their communications and supplies being kept up by the three lines of railway from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London respectively. The Highland Brigade, originally destined for Natal, was stopped at Cape Town and at once sent on to reinforce Lord Methuen in command of the western division. With his advanced base at De-Aar, at the junction of the Port Elizabeth and Cape Town railways, and striking north with what troops he had, Methuen engaged and defeated a party of Boers near Belmont on the 10th November. Nine days after, he had concentrated his troops on the Orange River, driving the enemy before him, and on the 23rd November he attacked and completely routed the enemy in the decisive battle of Belmont.

After several skirmishes the battle of Modder River was fought, in which the British encountered a Boer force of 11,000 men. It lasted the whole of Tuesday the 28th November, and was keenly contested; but in spite of the bravery and superior position of the enemy, they were compelled to withdraw, and Methuen formed his advanced camp on the north side of the river. After the Modder River fight he rested his force until the 10th December, waiting for the battalions of Wauchope's Highland Brigade, for the great naval gun, and the howitzer battery, and for the

sorely needed cavalry. The valiant Ninth Brigade, composed of Yorkshire Light Infantry, 5th Northumberlands, Loyal North Lancashires, Northamptonshires, 9th Lancers, and Mounted Infantry, which had done such gallant work in the previous battles, was now to be scattered, and in some measure supplanted by the Argylls, Seaforths, Gordons, Black Watch, and Highland Light Infantry of the fresher brigade.

Having secured his position on the Modder River, Lord Methuen found the way to Kimberley still barred by the Boer army under General Cronje. The enemy were strongly intrenched among the rocks and precipices of the hilly region, some four miles from the river, between the railway on the west and the highroad to Kimberley on the east, and commanded the position with their artillery.

Lord Methuen resolved upon making a frontal attack in full force on this stronghold, so as to drive the Boers out and clear the road to the Diamond City, now suffering acutely the miseries of a siege.

Before making the attack, he resolved to shell the Boer position with all his artillery and the great naval gun which had been dragged up to a ridge overlooking the kopje occupied by the enemy, at ranges varying between six thousand and eight thousand yards. The bombardment while it lasted was a severe one. An eye-witness of the scene says: 'The shells tore through the air with precisely the noise of an express train rushing at highest speed, and when they burst they seemed to envelop an acre of ground in heavy brown smoke, which lifted and floated over the kopje as if it were a mass of pulverised earth. The noise of each discharge was like the bark of a monster bulldog, and the bursting of each shell sounded like the cough of a giant.' It is believed that the lyddite

shells fell among the Boers several times during the afternoon, but it is doubtful if the damage done was sufficient to cause them to shift their position. The naval gun remained on the ridge all night, and defined the extreme left of the next day's battle-ground. This ground extended from the railway where the gun stood, across the veldt to the river and along its northern bank for two miles, or about four miles from the railway to near the Kimberley road. It was covered—ridges and level veldt alike—with bushes, or shapely little trees from four to seven feet high, of round, full form, and pretty dense foliage. In such a veldt as this the Boers had two miles of trenches in front of their strongly fortified heights, well packed with riflemen. And not only so; but to make the approach more difficult, lines of barbed-wire fencing were run across the veldt parallel with the trenches.

To attack such a strong position required the very best troops of the British army, if the assault were to be a success, and Wauchope's Highland Brigade was selected for the work. Lord Methuen conceived it to be his duty to take it at all hazards, seeing that his orders were to relieve Kimberley, and the longer he remained inactive on the Modder River, the probability was the enemy would become stronger in front. As soon therefore as the last of his reinforcements arrived from De-Aar, he resolved to attack the Magersfontein kopje. For this purpose, as we have said, the heights were bombarded from 4.50 P.M. to 6.40 P.M. on the 10th December, in the expectation that—judging from the moral effect produced by his guns in the three previous actions, and the anticipated effect of lyddite, to be used for the first time—there would not only be great destruction of life in the trenches, but a considerable demoralising effect on the enemy's nerves.

Whether this was so is doubtful. A longer bombardment, as the result proved, would in all probability have led to a more successful issue of the enterprise, and with less loss to our arms.

General Wauchope having received his orders, all were in readiness for the attack, which it was resolved should be made in the darkness of the early morning.

Fireside romancers have pictured Wauchope on the evening before the battle as full of despondency and prepossessed with a sense of imminent disaster. Needless to say, these are purely imaginary fancies. He was not the man either to shirk danger or dread a deadly engagement.

What afterwards happened is best described in the words of Lord Methuen's despatch. 'The night march,' he says, 'was ordered for 12.30 A.M., the bearings and distance having been ascertained at great personal risk by Major Benson, Royal Artillery, my Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General. The distance is two and a half miles, and daybreak was due at 3.25 A.M. About half an hour after the Highland Brigade marched off it came on to pour, a heavy thunderstorm accompanying the rain. The downpour lasted until daybreak. The brigade was led with perfect accuracy to the point of assault by Major Benson. The advance was slow, even for a night march. Major Benson, with a compass in each hand, having frequently to halt on account of the lightning and rifles affecting the compasses. I may remark that two rifles went off by accident before the march commenced, and it is pretty clear that flashes from a lantern gave the enemy timely notice of the march.

'Before moving off, Major-General Wauchope explained all he intended to do, and the particular part each battalion of his brigade was to play in the scheme. The brigade

was to march in mass of quarter columns, the four battalions keeping touch and, if necessary, ropes were to be used for the left guides; these ropes were taken, but I believe used by only two battalions. What happened was as follows:—Not finding any signs of the enemy on the right flank just before daybreak, which took place at 4 A.M., as the brigade was approaching the foot of the kopje, Major-General Wauchope gave the order for the Black Watch to extend, but to direct its advance on the spur in front, the Seaforth Highlanders to prolong to the left, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders to prolong to the right, the Highland Light Infantry in reserve. Five minutes earlier (the kopje looming in the distance) Major Benson had asked Major-General Wauchope if he did not consider it to be time to deploy. Lieut.-Colonel Hughes-Hallett states that the extension could have taken place two hundred yards sooner, but the leading battalion got thrown into confusion in the dark by a very thick bit of bush about twenty or thirty yards long. The Seaforth Highlanders went round this bush to the right, and had just got into its original position behind the Black Watch when the order to extend was given by Major-General Wauchope to the Black Watch. The Seaforth Highlanders and two companies of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were also moving out, and were in the act of extending, when suddenly a heavy fire was poured in by the enemy, most of the bullets going over the men.

'Lieut.-Colonel Hughes-Hallett at once ordered the Seaforths to fix bayonets and charge the position. The officers commanding the other battalions acted in a similar manner. At this moment some one gave the word "Retire." Part of the Black Watch then rushed back through the ranks of the Seaforths. Lieut.-Colonel Hallett

ordered his men to halt and lie down, and not to retire. It was now becoming quite light, and some of the Black Watch were a little in front, to the left of the Seaforths. The artillery, advancing to the support of the attack, had opened fire from the time it was light enough to see. No orders having been received by the Seaforths, the commanding officer advanced the leading units to try and reach the trenches, which were about four hundred yards off; but the officers and half the men fell before a very heavy fire, which opened as soon as the men moved. About ten minutes later the Seaforths tried another rush, with the same result. Colonel Hughes-Hallett then considered it best to remain where he was till orders came.

'Meanwhile the 9th Lancers, the 12th Lancers, G Battery Royal Horse Artillery, and Mounted Infantry were working on the right flank. At twelve midnight on the 10th the 12th Lancers and Guards marched from camp, the former to join the Cavalry Brigade, the latter to protect the rear and right of the Highland Brigade. Considering the night, it does Major-General Sir Henry Colville immense credit that he carried out his orders to the letter, as did Major-General Babington. A heavy fire was maintained the whole morning. The Guards Brigade held a front of about one and three quarter miles. The Yorkshire Light Infantry protected my right flank with five companies, three companies being left at a drift. Captain Jones, Royal Engineers, and Lieutenant Grubb were with the Balloon Section, and gave me valuable information during the day. I learnt from this source, at about twelve noon, that the enemy were receiving large reinforcements from Abutsdam and from Spytfontein. The enemy held their own on this part of the field, for the under-feature was strongly entrenched,

concealed by small bushes, and on slight undulations. At twelve noon I ordered the battalion of Gordons, which was with the Supply Column, to support the Highland Brigade. The trenches, even after the bombardment by lyddite and shrapnel since daybreak, were too strongly held to be cleared. The Gordons advanced in separate half-battalions, and though the attack could not be carried home, the battalion did splendid work throughout the day.

'At 1 P.M. the Seaforth Highlanders found themselves exposed to a heavy crossfire, the enemy trying to get round to the right. The commanding officer brought his left forward. An order to "Retire" was given, and it was at this time that the greater part of the casualties occurred. The retirement continued for five hundred yards, and the Highlanders remained there till dusk. Lieut.-Colonel Downman, commanding the Gordons, gave the order to retire, because he found his position untenable, so soon as the Seaforth Highlanders made the turning movement to the right. This was an unfortunate retirement, for Lieut.-Colonel Hughes-Hallett had received instructions from me to remain in position until dusk, and the enemy were at this time quitting the trenches by tens and twenties. I have made use of Lieut.-Colonel Hughes-Hallett's report (the acting Brigadier) for the description of the part the Highland Brigade took in this action.

'Major-General Wauchope told me, when I asked him the question, on the evening of the 10th, that he quite understood his orders, and made no further remark. He died at the head of the brigade, in which his name will always remain honoured and respected. His high military reputation and attainments disarm all criticism. Every

soldier in my division deplores the loss of a fine soldier and a true comrade. The attack failed; the inclement weather was against success; the men in the Highland Brigade were ready enough to rally, but the paucity of officers and non-commissioned officers rendered this no easy matter. I attach no blame to this splendid brigade. From noon until dark I held my own opposite to the enemy's intrenchments. G Battery Royal Horse Artillery fired hard till dark, expending nearly two hundred rounds per gun. Nothing could exceed the conduct of the troops from the time of the failure of the attack at daybreak. There was not the slightest confusion, though the fight was carried on under as hard conditions as one can imagine, for the men had been on the move from midnight, and were suffering terribly from thirst. At 7.15 P.M. fighting ceased, the Highland Brigade formed up under cover, the Guards Brigade held my front, the Yorkshire Light Infantry secured my right flank, the cavalry and guns were drawn in behind the cavalry.'

Many descriptions have been published of the ill-fated enterprise, differing in some respects from the despatch of the commander; and much controversy has been raised as to an alleged difference of opinion between Generals Methuen and Wauchope regarding the method of the attack on the Boer position, and as to who was responsible for its disastrous failure. Into that controversy it is not our purpose to enter, seeing so much of it is founded on mere conjecture, coloured by the imagination or the prejudice of some of the writers. Whether blunder, or miscalculation, or mere misadventure, no voice has been ever raised to cast the shadow of blame on the officer who gallantly led his brigade through that long dark night into what proved an impossible position, a position

which the best troops in the world could not have hoped to take. Every precaution was made that forethought could suggest. Untoward circumstances, and not want of courage, ruined all.

That the fall of the General largely contributed to the loss of the battle, seems all too plain. He fell after being twice hit with rifle bullets through his helmet, and even while lying on the ground, when struck in the body, he appears, from the evidence of some of his men who passed him as they still pressed on to his orders, to be able to raise himself on his hands and knees, and taking a long farewell of his comrades, he cried, 'Good-bye, men; fight for yourselves. It is man to man now.' Other words are said to have been uttered, and were freely circulated afterwards about the camp, and found their way into letters written to friends at home; but in the din and confusion of such a moment it is difficult to see how these—many of them contradictory—can be accepted as his utterances. One witness describes the scene as 'an awful sight. The bullets,' he says, 'were like a shower of hail, and the shells were bursting all around us. God knows how I got clear, for I was in the thick of it. I felt the heat of a shell on my face. I never was so near being killed in my life. There were bullets hitting all around me, and whistling over my head. I have been in a few battles, but nothing like this. . . . We would have beat them had our General not been killed. He was shot in three places.'

That General Wauchope fought and fell as a man and as a soldier, carrying out his orders loyally to the end, has never been called in question. He died where he would have wished to die, at the head of his gallant Highlanders, with his face to the foe.

All that fateful day the battle was carried on. Our wounded and dead lay as they fell, under a blazing sun, close to the Boer lines. Over their heads the shots of friends and foes passed, without ceasing. 'Many a gallant deed was done by comrades helping comrades; men who were shot through the body lay without water, enduring all the agony of thirst caused by their wounds and the blistering heat. To them crawled Scots with shattered limbs, sharing the last drop of water in their bottles, and taking farewell messages to many a cottage home in far-off Scotland.' But still the battle raged. Wounded and dead must wait alike the ultimate fate of the day. Lying on the veldt the British still held their ground, firing when they could, but drawing a hotter fire upon themselves from the trenches. For fourteen hours they thus lay—from three o'clock in the morning till six at night. It was cruel work, with all the odds against the attackers, fighting against a foe they could neither see nor reach. Once the Guards made a brilliant dash at the trenches, and like a torrent their resistless valour bore down all before them, and for a brief few moments they got within striking distance of the enemy; and well did they avenge the slaughter of the Scots. With bayonets fixed and a ringing cheer the Guardsmen, we are told by a graphic writer, 'tossed the Boers out of their trenches as men in English harvest-fields toss the hay.' Then they retired under the deadly fire from the heights above, falling thick as hail upon them.

Not till the evening did the conflict cease. Then there was an armistice, and our ambulance bearers went out to bring in their fallen comrades. The Rev. J. Robertson, chaplain of the brigade, mentions in a letter: 'I was with Wauchope when he fell. I think he wished me to keep

near him, but I got knocked down, and in the dark and wild confusion I was borne away, and did not see him in life again, though I spared no effort to find him, in the hope that he might be only wounded.' This statement is confirmed by the Anglican chaplain with Lord Methuen, who, after describing the battle of Magersfontein, thus refers to the Highland Brigade: 'Being chiefly Highlanders, they were in Robertson's charge. He, good-hearted fellow, was risking his life in the trenches and under fire to find General Wauchope's body. Why he was not killed in his fearless efforts I cannot tell.' The General's body was found next morning from twenty to thirty yards off the Boer trenches, 'riddled with bullets,' and was carried reverently back into camp, amidst the unmistakable grief of every soldier.

The exigencies of war brook no delay, and so the funeral was arranged for the day following. Three hundred yards to the rear of the township of Modder River, just as the sun was sinking in a blaze of African splendour, on the evening of Tuesday the 13th December, a long shallow grave lay exposed in the breast of the veldt. To the westward the broad river fringed with trees ran unconsciously along; to the eastward the heights still held by the enemy scowled menacingly; north and south stretched the long swelling plain. A few paces to the north of the grave, fifty dead Highlanders lay, dressed as they had fallen. They had followed their chief to the field, and they were to follow him to the grave. It was an impressive sight, and as one who saw it has said: 'The plaids dear to every Highland clan were represented there, and, as I looked, out of the distance came the sound of the pipes. It was the General coming to join his men. There, right under the eyes of the enemy,

THE GRAVE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

From a Photograph by E. D. Edgcome, Beaufort West.

moved with slow and solemn tread all that remained of the Highland Brigade. In front of them walked the chaplain, with bared head, dressed in his robes of office; then came the pipers with their pipes, sixteen in all, wailing out "Lochaber no More"; and behind them, with arms reversed, moved the Highlanders, in all the regalia of their regiments; and in the midst, the dead General, borne by four of his comrades.' Many a cheek was wet with tears, and many a heart throbbed with emotion as the last kind offices were performed. Right up to the grave they marched, then broke away into companies until the General was laid in the shallow grave, with a Scottish square of armed men around him. The simple Presbyterian service of the Scottish Church was led by Mr. Robertson, the chaplain, amid profound silence. No shots were fired. Only the silent farewell salute of his sorrowing men as they marched campwards in the gathering darkness, and the black pall of an African night was drawn sadly over the scene.

There, among his men, Wauchope's body might have been left to rest on the open veldt, and the spot would doubtless ever afterwards have been consecrated in the heart of every patriot Briton, lonely and wild though it be. But the kindly sympathy of a brother Scot found for him a last resting-place about fourteen miles farther south in Cape Colony, at Matjesfontein. On receipt of the news of Wauchope's death, the Honourable J. D. Logan, a member of the Cape Legislative Council, who owns an extensive estate there, on which there is a small enclosed private burying-ground, promptly asked permission to bring the body for reinterment there. Permission having been granted by General Lord Methuen, Mr. Logan proceeded to Modder River, and returned with the

body in a zinc-lined coffin on the 18th December. The remains of the gallant General were buried next morning with full military honours, in presence of a considerable number of people. Those present included Captain Rennie, *A.-D.-C.* to the General, Mr. Logan and his family, Major Stuart, and Colonel Schrembrucker. The escort consisted of eleven officers and 195 non-commissioned officers and men of various detachments, including some of the Highland Brigade, and a fife band with pipers. The coffin was borne on a gun-carriage, which was covered with many beautiful wreaths, one bearing the inscription, 'With the Logans' deepest sympathy. In memory of one of Scotland's brave ones.' And on another was inscribed, 'A token of admiration and respect for one of Scotland's heroes, from his fellow-countrymen at Matjesfontein.' The favourite charger of the General followed the coffin, and the service, conducted by the Revs. Messrs. Robertson and Price, army chaplains, was of a deeply impressive character. Thus passed from sight, at the age of fifty-four, the man whose career it has been our privilege to sketch.

Few episodes in the Transvaal war—and there have been many striking ones—have made such an impression on the public at large, or on those immediately concerned, as the fall of the leader of the Highland Brigade on that disastrous 10th of December 1899.

The one man best qualified to speak of its effects upon the soldiers at the front, has in touching letters referred to the sadness that overspread the camp, and the deep religious feelings which were awakened. The Rev. J. Robertson says: 'Of the seven who formed our original mess—General Wauchope's brigade staff—only Colonel Ewart and myself remain. He is an old campaigning

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION CROSSING THE MOAT, MATJESFONTEIN.

From a Photograph by E. D. Edgcome, Beaufort West.

friend; so also is General Macdonald, who has now joined us. I am glad I knew the Brigadier before. It makes all the difference, messing and living together. I am not to refer to General Wauchope. Mere acquaintances mourn his loss, how much more one who was honoured with his friendship and confidence? As for the Highland Brigade —there is but one heart, and it's sore, sore. A strange fatality befell all my best-known friends. Whenever I let myself think of them, there's a painful tug at my heart's strings. God knows what lies before. To give some idea of how hearts have been touched, on the last Sunday of the year I had communion. I thought it better to take it then than on the first Sunday, when the year would be a week old and the good start perhaps lost. I did not make intimation the Sunday before, as I did not think I would be able to get communion wine in time. I just stated at the ordinary parade service that I purposed having it after the benediction was pronounced. I invited any and every one to come forward, even though they had not partaken it before, saying that in the circumstances I took it upon me to dispense with the usual preparatory forms of procedure. To my great surprise, but to my heart's joy, knowing how backward young men are—Highlanders especially—in coming to the Lord's Table, over 250 stepped out, and many more would have come had it not been for the fact that they had to go at once on picket duty. In fact, they had strained a point to attend parade service, coming all ready to go on outpost, heavily accoutred. With a full heart, I thanked God and took courage.' In another letter the chaplain says: 'We were a sad, a very sad brigade, for though we tried to hide it, we took our losses to heart sorely; for "men of steel are men who feel." But out of evil came good.

The depth of latent religious feeling that was evoked in officers and men was a revelation to me, and were it not that confessions, and acknowledgments, and vows are too sacred for repetition, I could tell a tale that would gladden your hearts—not that I put too much stress on what 's said or done at such an impressionable, solemnising time, but after-proof of sincerity has not been wanting.'

The receipt of the news of the General's death in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and indeed throughout the world, was accompanied with every expression of grief. It was felt that the empire had lost one of its noblest and best, that a hero had gone down to his rest ere his full life's work was done. Alike from soldier and civilian, from political opponent and political friend, came the common lament; while the fluent pens of journalists were in some cases constrained to acknowledge that it was all but impossible to write with calmness of the sad event.

Her Majesty the Queen felt the loss she and the country had sustained, and, with her usual womanly consideration, sent a message through her Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Hopetoun, desiring him to express her deep sympathy with Mrs. Wauchope of Niddrie, and with Lady Ventry, the General's sister. In this message, it is understood the Queen paid a warm tribute to the General's fearless qualities as a soldier, and to his magnificent services to the nation; while she sympathetically referred to the fact, that in every campaign in which he had taken a part previously, with the exception of the Soudan war of 1898, he had had the misfortune to be wounded.

Seldom has so general and so spontaneous an expression of public feeling been given in this country. In Scotland especially was this so, as might naturally be expected. In Edinburgh, where both the Black Watch

and the Gordon Highlanders had recently been stationed, the death of Colonel Downman of the Gordons, and many others with him in the same engagement, gave a sharper edge to the calamity.

CHAPTER XI

CHARACTERISTICS

THAT General Wauchope was a skilled officer goes without saying. He had made military tactics his life study. And he had the personal influence that enabled men to follow his leadership without hesitation. Several of his brother officers who had been with him for years, and had fought beside him in many a battle, have favoured us with their opinion of his skill as a commander; and, as to his responsibility for the blunder or misadventure of Magersfontein, one of them says: 'As a commanding officer, he was beloved by all ranks; respected as a born leader of men, for he had but to hold up his little finger and the whole regiment would have followed him to—anywhere! He brought the battalion to a wonderful pitch of excellency, both in professional and social success, and invariably received the highest praise from every general officer who ever inspected them.' And from another we have the remarkable testimony: 'Wauchope diligently studied his profession, to which he was devoted, and was noted in his regiment for his coolness and judgment. I say this with special reference to the circumstances preceding his lamentable death, and the loss of a large part of the Highland Brigade recently in South Africa. Eminently a cool and cautious leader, Wauchope would have never led his brigade in close formation into the very

jaws of destruction without scouting or other means of discovering the near proximity of the enemy, unless he had had direct stringent orders to do so.' From still another distinguished officer comes the following: 'General Wauchope's name as a soldier was known to all ranks in the army, and I am certain that time will prove that he was not responsible for the decimation of the brigade he loved so well. He was far too good a tactician for that blunder.'

It will be seen as our narrative has proceeded, that while the career of Andrew Gilbert Wauchope of Niddrie is in the main that of an earnest, devoted soldier of the Crown, full of chequered incident and varied experience, there is at the same time a many-sidedness of character developed in his life. A soldier first, he was as much at home, it has been said, in the commonplace business of the local School Board and Parish Council, or in the transactions of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Essentially a modest man, he never made an affectation of superiority, and indeed he was much inclined to underrate his own ability in almost every work in which he was engaged. As a politician he knew his own mind, and he had become one of the clearest and most humorous exponents of the policy which he advocated. Great in arms, he was equally great in the arts of peace; and while professionally attached to his duties as a soldier, he had a horror of war, and an unbounded appreciation of the blessings of peace.

Those who knew him best, who had lived with him in barracks or camp, who shared with him the dangers of war, bear witness to his many kind deeds, and his sympathetic interest in others, of his kind-hearted generosity, his homeliness, and general simplicity of heart. He was

indeed a typical Scotsman, possessing all the best characteristics of a Scotsman, with no fear in his heart but the fear of God, or, as one has described him—'A man among men, and a man of God.'

To the people on his estate he was more than anything else a father, in his interest and care; the active patron of everything that was worthy, the participator in all that was helpful to their life; the benefactor whose liberal hand supplied many a need, and brightened and blessed many a home. When the news of his death came from South Africa, all ranks and classes united in lamenting the fall of a brave and a good man, of one who would be much missed, of one who could ill be spared. 'From the Queen on the throne to some of her humblest subjects, through all ranks of statesmen and politicians of all shades of opinion, from soldiers and from sailors of all grades, and most affectionately from the rank and file of his own historic regiment, from newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the land, from neighbours and friends—and who were not his friends who knew him?—even from opponents; in short, from all classes, the highest and the humblest, came tributes of respect and eulogy, and expressions of sorrow over what seemed, at first thought, his untimely end.'

As it has been well said, 'the simple record of his campaigns and wounds, in the service of Queen and country, would alone be sufficient to confer greatness on any man. His was the truest greatness, because he was so utterly unconscious that it was great; and his extreme modesty, and almost diffidence, obscured it from the merely superficial observer.'

His was the kind of life that exerted a magnetic charm upon all with whom he had dealings. His plain exterior,

his somewhat awkward gait and habiliments, more frequently marked by the absence of fashionable conventionality than by military smartness, were a deception to a stranger. 'That the great Captain Wauchope!' said a man on the road one day, when he was pointed out to him as the hero of Tel-el-Kebir—'*That* Captain Wauchope, impossible! I thought that was a labourer!' Though carrying no outward symbol of what was in him, to his friends he was dear. But we do not always gather diamonds on the surface. ''Tis the mind that makes the body rich.' He seemed best to those who knew him longest, for about his actions there was a sincerity that was all the better because it was spontaneous; and behind that bronzed, ascetic face—said by some to resemble that of Cicero or Cæsar—there was a soul with the courage of a hero and the tenderness of a woman.

In a letter from Dr. Wisely of Malta, we have striking testimony in confirmation of this. 'Wauchope,' he says, 'in a remarkable manner fulfilled the New Testament injunction to "honour all men," and this, I believe, was the secret of his being honoured by all, for he was liked and trusted by all sorts and conditions of men. His brother officers found in him a friend, and so did the men in the ranks. If any man had a grievance he was sure of getting a fair hearing from him. But Wauchope was not easily taken in. I remember seeing him once standing in the street when I was speaking to a man of his regiment, who had seen better days. After the man had left me, he came up and said, "I was just waiting to warn you, lest you should be taken in by that man. He will tell you plausible stories to get money out of you, but don't listen to him. He is a humbug, and is not to be trusted." I found he was right. But when there was

real distress, Wauchope was ever ready to do what he could to relieve it, and he did it in the most unostentatious way. In 1878, when he went with his regiment to Cyprus, a man in his company, whom I knew, died of heat apoplexy on landing. Wauchope immediately wrote to me and enclosed a cheque for £10, to be given to the man's widow to help her, as he said, to make a fresh start. I happened to mention this incident recently to a lady, whose husband at one time commanded the regiment, and she said "it was just like Wauchope," and that she knew of many similar cases where his help was as quietly given. On one occasion, when the regiment was in Egypt, he presented a cheque for £200, to be expended, he informed me, for the benefit of the women of the regiment, on the one sole condition that his name should not be mentioned. He had his own way, however, of dispensing charity, and was not afraid to refuse to subscribe to objects merely because other people subscribed and thought he ought to do so too. He judged for himself. And he did so, not only regarding cases of charity, but in whatever he had to do with. Some years ago we happened to be speaking of his tenants in Scotland, and he told me that he made a point of occasionally seeing each one alone, without a factor or any one being present, and he would ask the tenant to speak frankly to him, and let him know of any grievance he had to complain of. He did not promise to agree with him, or to see things in the same light, but he promised to give the case a fair hearing, and to do his best to remedy the grievance, if he was convinced that there was one.'

It is not difficult to discern that the secret spring of such a life is to be found not so much in early education, social influences, rank, ample means, or even

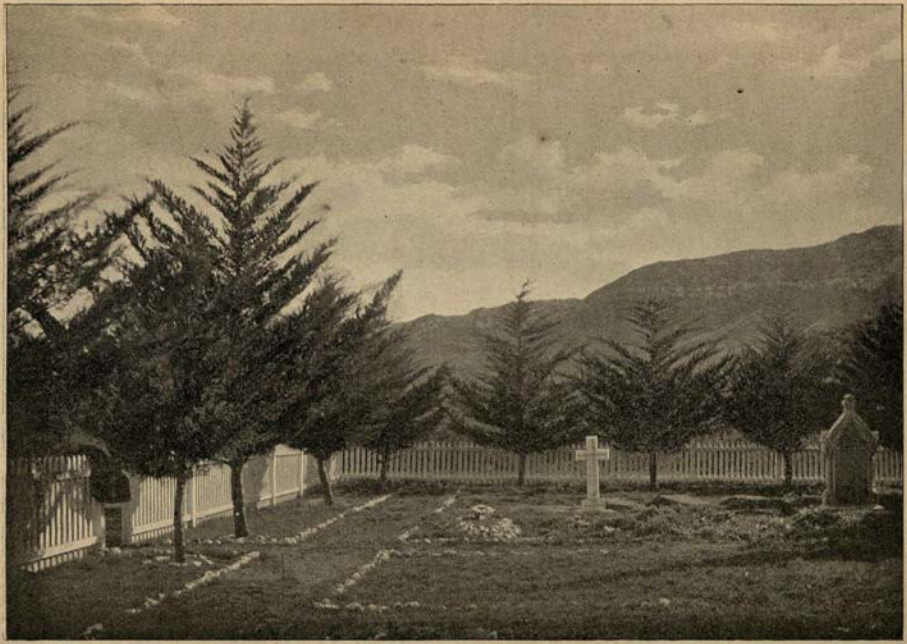
natural kind-heartedness—though these doubtless had a certain influence in the formation of character—as in that fervent, devout spirit which characterised nearly all that he said or did—in short, from that 'fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom.' Wauchope's life was indeed a deeply religious life. Not religious certainly in the conventional sense of the term, that looks to the repetition of favourite texts of Scripture and the recurrence of pious sentiments; but in the deep-down utterances of a devout heart that sought the expression of his faith rather in deeds of kindness and thoughtful sympathy. His whole life, as we have seen, was saturated with affection for those in life's path who were bound to him by kindred ties, and for whom his quick eye saw his help was needed. Yet, let it be said, he shrank from no opportunity which presented itself of making a good confession before men, or of giving religious comfort, or engaging in religious services, where he might be able to do good. His daily duties, he once remarked to a company of Sabbath-school boys, were largely influenced by his morning devotions. The early training of a Scottish home, with a pious father's example, laid the foundation of a religious life, which after-trouble and affliction more fully developed into ripe conviction, and matured Christian faith. He believed in prayer and in family worship, and it was doubtless this that so much imbued him with strength and courage for many a day of arduous work and patient pain. How else can we explain that trying period of his life when in Malta, with a drawn sword, as it were, hanging over his head, and only a step between him and death? There he sought to know of the doctrine whether it be of God, and with reverent fear put himself into his Saviour's hands, with the desire to do God's will in every duty that fell to him. 'He

followed on to know the Lord,' says Dr. Wisely of Malta, 'and he came to know the truth of the Gospel, not only as a truth of faith, but a truth of personal experience.'

How else can we explain that impressive scene at the grave in Cyprus shortly afterwards, when in the absence of the chaplain he stepped forward, and in the midst of his hushed and weeping comrades, touchingly performed the last offices over the dead?

All through his life it was the same. Consistent and true, but without affectation, in his relationship to God and to man, he sought to have a conscience void of offence, and to do his duty as in view of the Eternal.

Fearless of death, and accustomed to meet it on many occasions, he dreaded it the less that he fully realised the after-issues. It has been well said that the man who has no place for death in his philosophy has not learned to live. The lesson of life is death. For Wauchope, death had no terrors, because it had been overcome through faith in Him who has conquered death and the grave. The pathos of life was with him no forced sentiment, for he had often felt the pity for suffering and bereavement which underlies all true life. In his own family and person he had experienced the loss of loved ones, and known the grief and disappointments of a bereaved father. Such experiences broaden out sympathy and cause 'the primal duties shine aloft like stars.' In his own parish of Liberton he discharged the office of the eldership with much acceptance, visiting among the parishioners, and officiating at the communion in the parish church; leading a quiet, useful, unobtrusive life, doing good where he had opportunity. On several occasions a representative elder in the highest court of the Scottish Church, he took an active part in the work of the General Assembly.



THE GRAVE AT MATJESFONTEIN.

Marked by Wreath on left of the Cross.

There indeed he was a prominent figure, as he would sometimes take his seat in his military uniform fresh from his duties as the officer commanding the Black Watch at the Castle. The Church of Scotland had no more true and loyal son, and in many ways he identified himself with her interests, and was always ready to testify to the value of the national recognition of religion. He was for some time vice-convener of the Church's Committee on Temperance, and had be been spared longer, his ripe judgment, his knowledge of men, and his own personal experience would doubtless have been of much service in the advancement of this important cause.

In 1895 he was chosen as one of the deputies by the Assembly to represent the Church of Scotland at the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, which met in Belfast in June of that year. In introducing him to the Assembly, the Rev. Professor Todd Martin, the Moderator, paid a high tribute to his abilities as a soldier, and spoke of the courage and bravery with which he had faced the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the greatest political general of the age. 'Colonel Wauchope,' he said, 'had won for himself the admiration and love of his most strenuous opponents. They honoured him, however, specially because he took his place from year to year as a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, and entered with great enthusiasm into the maintenance of their Presbyterian faith, to the advocacy of the simplicity of ritual, and to the furtherance of temperance and every other good cause that was for the salvation of the great body of the people.' Wauchope's address, which, according to the prints of the day, was 'long, eloquent, and deeply interesting,' feelingly referred at the outset to his Irish connection through his mother; and after pointing out the

dangers surrounding the Protestant population of Scotland and Ireland, and the necessity for more united sympathy for each other, he concluded as follows:—'I thank you, Moderator of this vast Assembly, for the kind manner in which you have been pleased to receive me as a member of the Church of Scotland. I am proud, and I cannot say how proud, to be a member of it. It is also a matter of great thankfulness to all of us, especially to us laymen, that now in the Church of Scotland we have elders—men of great transcendent ability—who love their Church, and work loyally as Christian men for the furtherance of that great Church.'

He had a high ideal of the Church's duty, and so far at least as in him lay he sought to take his share of that duty. In the cause of temperance he had done much among his soldiers, and in the Assembly he was ever the eloquent advocate of its claims upon the attention of the Church.

To one like him, more accustomed to the political platform and the style of address there required than to the ecclesiastical forms of the Church, it was natural he should sometimes forget the ceremonial style peculiar to the General Assembly. On one occasion he rose to second a motion, and inadvertently addressed the venerable Assembly not as 'Fathers and Brethren,' but as 'Gentlemen,' which immediately caused a titter to pass over the House. He at once became conscious of his mistake, and turning to the chair, said, 'Moderator, I am no theologian, nor am I an ecclesiastic; I am a soldier; I second the motion.' The brevity and pointed nature of this short speech drew out an appreciative cheer, and the motion was carried *nem. con.*

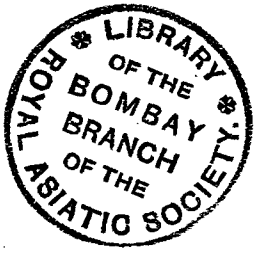
Though loving and serving his own Church faithfully

and well, General Wauchope was no sectarian. He had seen too much of the world not to take a wide view of the brotherhood of Christianity. As the different regiments of one army serving a common cause, he viewed the various sections of the Church of Christ—whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, whether Established Church or Nonconformist, whether Episcopal or Presbyterian—as all members one with another of the great army of which the Lord Jesus Christ is the one Captain and Head. He could, and often did, extend a helping hand to one and all as he had opportunity. 'Wherever I am wanted, I shall be there, straight,' was his prompt and witty reply once to a 'heckler' at one of his political meetings, when asked how it was possible for him to serve both in Parliament and in the army. The same answer might have been given as to church and philanthropic demands made upon his sympathy. 'Wherever he was wanted' to advance any good object, he was ready to be 'there, straight.'

The spontaneous references made after his death from nearly every pulpit in Midlothian, and in various churches in England and Scotland—too numerous to quote—and the more formal deliverance of the General Assembly in May 1900, all bear testimony to the nation's grief over the loss of one who could ill be spared. These expressions may be found fittingly summarised in the words of one who knew the General well, and who was accustomed to experience his influence in his own parish of Liberton The Rev. George Dodds, of the Free Church there, in concluding a memorial service in his church, and taking as his text 2 Samuel i. 25—'How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, slain in thine high places,' spoke as follows:—'Nothing which has hitherto

occurred,' he said, 'and perhaps no casualty which can yet happen, could to any greater extent quicken our imagination to realise the horrors of war, and the desperate work these brave men face who fight our battles. The people of this parish will always remember the battle of Magersfontein as that which deprived them of one of whom they were more than proud. General Wauchope was a man whom every one loved, and it was little wonder. Anything else was impossible. A man so real, with no vestige of the actor about him; so free from narrowness both in church and political creed; so generous as a patron, so philanthropic as a gentleman among his people; so honourable as a public man, so brotherly as a neighbour —when shall we look upon his like again? . . . Liberton parish knows what the army and the empire have lost, but our loss is one of those sacred things with which no outsider can intermeddle. . . Much which I could tell of him makes me know with undying conviction that Andrew Gilbert Wauchope of Niddrie was one of the finest Christian gentlemen one could find in a lifetime.'

'Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
No rude sound shall reach thine ear;
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing;
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.'



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